NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1877. | VOLUME XXV.—No. 8. Price Ten Cents.

CITY VIOLETS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY VANDYKE BROWN.

In the heart of the turbulent city,
Through the din and the dust and the heat,
I come to the flower-girl, selling
Her wares on the curb of the street,

Red roses and velvet-leaved pansies,
With the modest, blue violets—
A flower as fresh and as fragrant
As the memories which it begets.

Take the roses that blush in their beauty,
Take the pansies of royal hue;
But leave me the violets dainty,
The violets modest and blue.

For they hint of the breezy country,
Of meadow and woodland and field;
And, like balm to my weary spirit,
Is the perfume which they yield.

Unused to the riotous city,
I fancy they open their eyes
At the din and the roar and the racket,
Filled with a strange surprise.

Ah, well, for those days unforgotten,
When I gathered such flowers as these,
When I wandered through woodland meadow,
A friend of the birds and the trees!

Ah, well, for the hopes I have buried,
For the longings and vain regrets,
For the buds of promise withered,
Since I gathered violets!

I knew them in days that have left me,
In days that were trustful and true,
When life, like the violet dainty,
Was colored with heaven's own hue.

So here, in the heart of the city,
Where want with affluence blends,
These modest flowers greet me
Like well-remembered friends.

Your pansies are gaudily splendid,
But I like not their purple and gold;
Your roses, red-hearted, remind me
Of beauties too brazenly bold.

But all that is pure and modest
Is found in the violet sweet;
Like a maiden whose lips are virgin,
Dainty, demure and complete.

Then give me the violets modest,
The violets modest and true,
For the Past is embalmed in their fragrance,
And heaven beams out of their blue.

IRENE:

THE SLAVE OF THE RING AND THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,

AUTHOR OF "RHE TEMPLETON," "POISONED FOR LOVE," "LU THE QUADROON," "GILDED SORROWS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

WRECKED!

The voyage to the fabled shores of gold was one of extreme pleasure to Irene—at least physically. It was to her almost as passing through dreamland. Thrown into entirely new society, surrounded by new objects, she was forced to exert herself to be companionable, and her health rapidly improved. It could not be otherwise when the sea air was to her as wine—was a tonic of which she stood much in need.

And with restored bodily health her mental status began to improve. She ceased to look so darkly upon the past, and to ever accuse herself of murder—began to reason upon the insanity of self-slaughter, and to cease to hold herself strictly and solely responsible for the act of Lee Ashton, though without attempting to deny that much of blame clung to her.

But the trial through which she had passed was not unbeneficial. It served to curb her exuberance of spirits, taught her to control her fiery temper, gave to her a softened beauty she had lacked before—a subtle charm that is felt in womanhood, but cannot be described—a power (when added to other accomplishments) before which man bows in homage, for it is as the subtle perfume of the flower, unseen, but stealing away the senses.

Past the "frowning Mora, the castle-crested crag," beyond the stormy capes which for once belied the couplet of the old sea-dogs:

"If Bermuda let you pass,
Then look out for Hatteras,"

the good ship dropped anchor in Greytown, and the passengers stepped upon the little steamer and journeyed up the San Juan River, then ablaze with the crimson glories of cactus. Lake Nicaragua was traversed, the ancient mules were mounted, and the picturesque ride began across the little stretch of land that remained between the two oceans. Then came the carrying through the surf to boats, the stepping upon the gorgeous "El Dorado," the firing of a cannon, the waving of a flag, and cheers and vivas as the prow of the vessel was turned oceanward and the final phase of the voyage to San Francisco began.

With all on board she was friendly, though distant and reticent. None pierced through the armor of her reserve, though many attempted. "She kept herself to herself" as much as possible. Yet she was beloved by all. The lowest deck-washer or coal-heaver never passed her without touching his cap, and the captain gave her a seat upon his right hand at the table, and looked for more of adoration than would have pleased his wife had she known of his gallantry. But the line beyond which any could pass was too distinctly marked to be trespassed upon; and if any conceited fool attempted to be "tender," a word brought an ogre in the shape of Mrs. Joe to the side of Irene, and he was forced to beat a retreat sorely baffled. In short, the presence of the stalwart and matter-of-fact dame rendered all the would-be lovers even more "mum" than her husband had ever been under her tongue.

Thus the voyage continued smoothly. Acapulco was left behind, with intense heat and bowl-like bay, and all hearts were beating with the assurance of soon passing through the "Golden Gate" and setting foot upon the shores of the land where the dreams of Midas appeared a living, breathing reality.

"Another night," said the captain cheerily, "and you will be at the scene of your future triumphs, Miss Irving, and—will you permit me to say so—I shall be one of the proudest at your success."

"Thank you, captain," returned Irene; "but I am beginning to distrust my own powers."

"I should judge your nature more positive—that you were the possessor of an uncommon amount of self-possession."

"For a woman?" with a smile.

"Yes, for a woman. Men, and those especially who have been trained like myself amid danger and hardship, are expected to be cool under excitement and in the midst of peril."

"And it must be glorious to conquer," she replied, looking up at him with her soul in her eyes.

"It is its own reward to risk one's life for others—to save from wind and wave," he answered with rare modesty.

"It is more," she asserted. "It is noble—it is godlike. Had I been a man, your profession is the one, of all, I should have chosen."

"And it would have been honored," he replied with a bow.

Irene laughed and changed the subject. She deeply admired the man, believed him honest to the core of his heart, had admitted him closer than any other. And why should she not? He was several years her senior, and had a sheet-anchor at home to keep his heart from wandering. Had it been otherwise she would never have been talking with him alone upon the deck at so late an hour, and long after her grim guardian Mrs. Joe was rocked in an almost not-to-be-broken slumber.

So they talked until "Lights out!" was commanded. Then they separated; and if dreams came to Irene of beau-ideal manhood in the form of the captain—if an earth angel appeared to him with the beautiful face of Irene—there was nothing in it to cause even the most prudish modesty to take alarm.

So the good ship steamed on, freighted with hopes and fears, with youth, beauty, manhood, age and rich stores. Save the watch, all were slumbering; save the heavy breathing of the steam-pulsed monster and the clatter of machinery and the swash of the waves, all was silence. And all were dreaming sweetly of home and the kisses of loved ones, of sunny dells, of cool springs and perfumed flowers, when suddenly there rang through the ship the terrible cry of:

"Fire! *Fire!* FIRE!"

In an instant all was the wildest confusion. Shrieks and oaths rose commingled. Orders and counter orders were given, cries for help that were not regarded, prayers for mercy that were lost in the din. From the cabins all rushed on deck. There was no thought of dress—none of the trappings of beauty—none of disordered hair, as white-robed ghosts they came, surging hither and thither, men, women and children, mad with excitement, wild with dismay.

The captain was among the first from his berth, and his immediate thought was to find out the extent of the danger. With the most wonderful coolness of nerve he questioned—found the hopelessness of the situation—that some inflammable matter among the freight in the lower hold had become ignited, had burned too long for even the hope of extinguishing—and thundered his orders:

"Crowd on all steam! Head the boat for the shore!"

It was all that could be done, though little, very little. They were miles distant from the rock-guarded strand to the south of Monterey, and the chances were as one in a thousand against the keel of the doomed vessel ever grating upon the sands. And in vain he counseled coolness and commanded order. His words would have had an equal effect upon a herd of affrighted buffaloes—upon a pack of wolves when circled by fire. Human nature was lost in that of the brute. All thought was for self—self only. The weaker were trampled down, stamped under foot, smothered in the crush that fought its way to the boats. The boats, recklessly cut away, swamped as soon as lowered, or, overcrowded, filled and turned into coffins. Men, women and children alike rushed from one death into the open arms of another, and the insatiate sea swallowed the fugitive prey of the flames.

Thus the deck was rapidly cleared of the masses, and the sharks fattened. A few brave hearts and true remained steadfast at their posts—the engineer with his blistered hands upon the lever helping the groaning engine to pass the centre, the wheelsman to keep the head of the vessel true to the shore. But there came a time when human might was impotent—when human hands were of no more avail than the wing of the sea-bird that flew with terrified screams away. The vessel was a floating hell of flames—the tiller-chains had burned away as straw—the mighty arms of the engine warped and twisted as if wire.

The gallant vessel was doomed—could never reach the shore—would soon be consumed to the water's edge. The quick eye and experienced judgment of the captain saw this, and gave orders for all remaining to take care of themselves as best they might; and, with improvised rafts, they pushed off. To linger was madness, and yet the brave commander did so.

"I will do my whole duty," he said with grim satisfaction—"will be the very last to leave. Better death, a fiery and fearful death, than that there should rest even a shadow of a stain upon my name or courage."

He knew—none could know better—the danger he was in, the sacrifice he was making—that every instant was courting death. Driven back to the very stern by the roaring, hissing, leaping flames, his eye flashed with proud satisfaction at being left thus alone, and again he gave audible utterance to his thoughts.

"My work is finished. I can do no more. Heaven have mercy upon the poor souls who have gone—upon mine! Yes; I have done my duty, and now to battle for life."

He fought his way to his stateroom, with blistered hands and face, seized a cork jacket ever hanging there, retreated, mounted the rail, and was about to leap overboard when there came to his ear a cry that unnerved him a thousand-fold more than all the combined dangers had done.

"Lee! O my God! Lee, save me."

That voice! He would have known it among tens of thousands. He looked wildly around, saw the form of Irene lying under a seat where she had been trampled down and fainted, sprang with the bound of a tiger to her side, lifted her in his strong arms, and with a single leap was out of the way of the flames and floating in the waves.

It was not a moment too soon. There was an explosion as of a powder-magazine—an eruption as of a volcano—a column of flame and smoke and fiery debris, and the hull drifted slowly away, a flaming skeleton of what but a few hours before had been the pride of the Pacific and the gorgeous home of a thousand hearts—a floating palace almost matchless in beauty.

With one arm around the helpless girl, the captain bravely swam shoreward. Sustained by the jacket of cork, this was not a difficult task for one of his muscular power, and, though distant, he had no fear of reaching it if—ah! that fearful if! It contained within its two letters more of horror than the mind of one not acquainted with the scene and locality can imagine, be the kindling of the mind ever so vivid.

The ocean was filled with sharks. They swarmed around, thick almost as bees about honeycomb. Not the miserable little dog-sharks that are caught in the nets of the fisherman and snap at his fingers; but the great, gaunt, blue sharks—the *Tintores* of the pearl-fisheries, fabulous in length and power, and whose triple-armed jaws have capacity sufficient to engulf the head and shoulders of man.

With the head of the beautiful girl resting upon his manly breast, with his left arm thrown protectingly around her slender form, he swam steadily onward, keeping sharply upon the watch for the razor-like fins that cut the water in every direction, and now and then shrinking in terror as the agonized cry of some poor wretch who was dragged down to a bloody death rang upon his ear.

But it was not for himself he trembled. He was familiar with death in every form, and almost scorned them all. It was for the fair, helpless girl he feared, and as the danger increased the more desperate became his struggles. He lashed out with feet and hand, shouted himself hoarse, and almost cursed the fatality that had not furnished more victims to glut the maws of the savage sea-wolves, so as to give Irene a greater chance to escape.

The steamer had burned to a mere shell. The brilliant light it had given had died away. It floated in the far distance as a little handful of red brands. Storm had shut out the stars. There was a thick blanket of sable clouds over the moon. The wind had risen and quickened the sea into huge billows, edged and frothed with foam. The fiends of destruction were around, above, below, and the heart that even fire had not shaken sank appalled before the more than desperate surroundings. "O Heaven! save her, save her!" murmured the captain, and in the presence of death he would not have dared to deny how much the girl had grown into his heart—how dear she had become to him—how much he loved her to the exclusion of all others, even she to whom he had sworn fealty at the altar.

Under other circumstances it might not have been so. He would have controlled his feelings with an iron hand. But now, at the mercy of the wind and the waves, of the treacherous, ravenous sharks, shaking hands with death, standing upon the very boundary-line between this world and the next, passion was purified, rendered holy, would not be denied, and its seal was fixed upon the ashy, shivering lips in a kiss that might be the first, last, and only one.

Driven by wind and wave, still surrounded by the next-to-devilish monsters of the deep, the captain fought his way with the lovely girl lying passive in his arms. She had no conception who it was thus straining her to his heart. It was all to her as a dream. The shock of death had been passed when she was trampled down by the mad crowd—she had no tangible idea of what had since happened; and for the burning kiss that had been given, it had brought no answer any more than the touch of the chill waters would have done.

And she knew next to nothing of what was passing until she returned to consciousness, lying upon an iron-bound shore, by the side of a fire, and covered with a mantle of dry sea-weed. Then she opened her eyes in astonishment, saw no one near but the captain, and questioned.

The explanation was soon given, and she warmly poured out her thanks—poured them out with all the fervent expression of other days, and with the impulse of the moment she seized his hand and pressed her lips upon it.

"Heaven be praised," he replied, "that I was the means of saving your life—your precious life. Yet I could not have done so—would never have known you were still upon the burning vessel—had you not called me."

"Called you?" she asked, not comprehending his meaning—"called you what?"

"Lee."

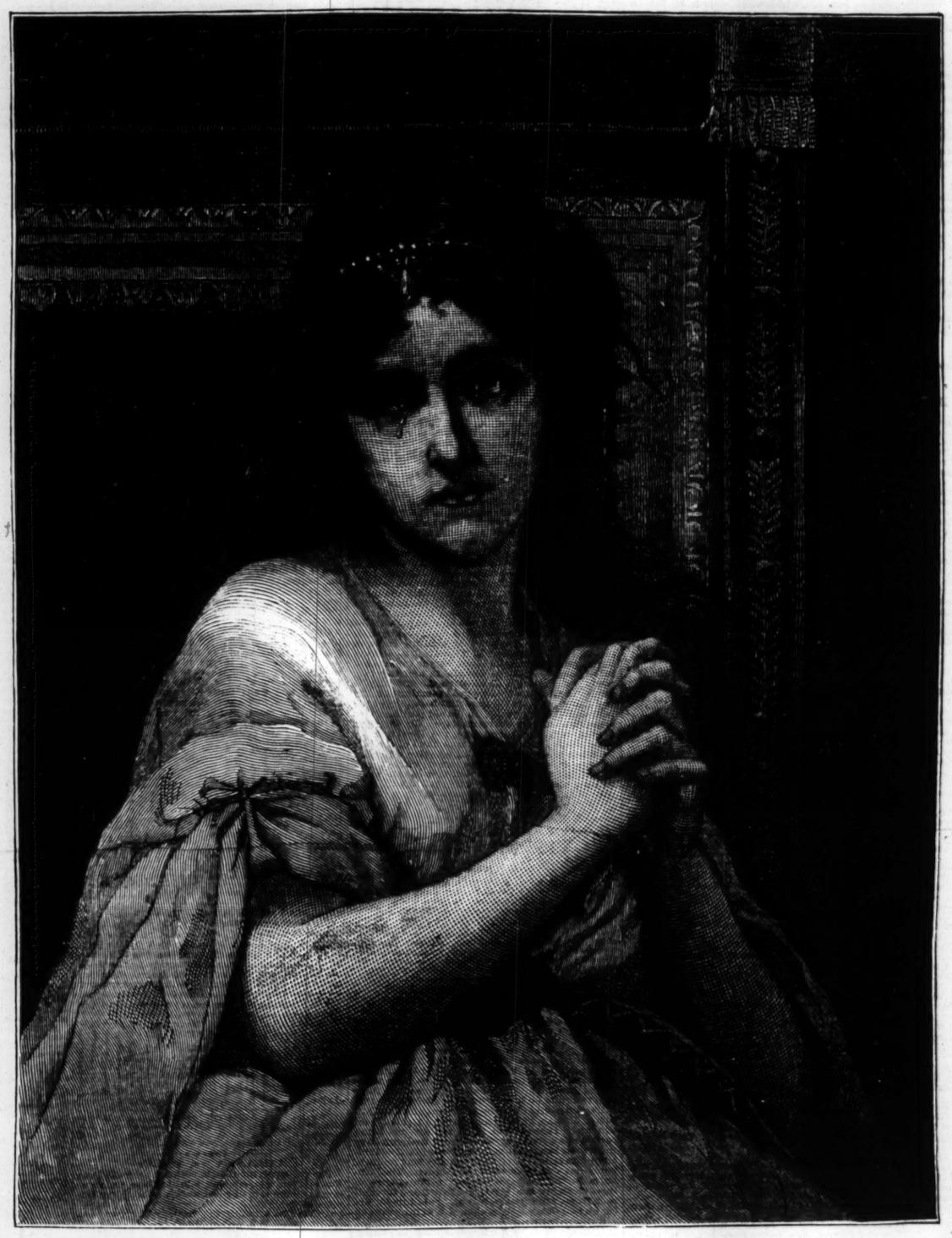
"Lee! Is that your name?"

"Yes; and now, O my darling! will you not let me love you? The flames and the sea have both given you to me, and henceforth nothing must divide us."

"Lee?" she repeated, thinking of other days and far other scenes.

"Yes, Lee," he continued, misunderstanding her, and bent down and kissed her.

"Remember, you have a wife!" she exclaimed, startled and alarmed.



DESDEMONA.

"In name only. Darling, my heart and soul are yours, yours only. Talk not to me of a wife. It was a union only of earth, not of heaven. I never knew what love was until I saw, held you in my arms. Love is not a thing to be fettered by cruel laws. It owns a wider realm—is beyond human control. Fate has not thus thrown us together to be separated again, but not until death will we part."

He was at her side, had raised her head in his arms, was bending to kiss her, and she had not strength to resist—was fast giving way to his pleading—when a mighty shout rang along the beach of:

"Found! found!"

An instant later Mrs. Joe and a little party had appeared upon the scene, and Irene, throwing aside her covering of sea-weeds, and blushing crimson at her scanty garments, had rushed into the good woman's arms exclaiming:

"Save me! oh, save me from myself!"

The morning dawned chill and sad-eyed upon the little group wrecked on the lonely beach. But the sun soon came up hot and cheering. A coasting-vessel came in sight, was hailed, and what remained was taken on board, and the prow turned for San Francisco.

As if mutually agreed upon, Irene and the captain kept apart. But once they met alone, and he whispered:

"Forgive! I was mad!"

She placed her hand in his, permitted it to remain for an instant, but spoke no word. Could beautiful womanhood condemn for the love she had inspired? Cold-blooded cynics, answer as ye may, her heart was not senseless stone.

CHAPTER XXI.

TRIUMPH AND MISERY.

For a considerable time the famous city whose shores are kissed by waters bearing gold in their embrace, whose sands are auriferous, and whose hills are underlaid with wealth, had been without a star of any magnitude in the theatrical firmament. Consequently, the coming of one so lauded as Irene Irving was hailed with extreme joy, and every preparation made to give her such a welcome as her rare talents and beauty deserved.

Proverbially liberal as the Californians ever are (and the name has become a synonym for lavish expenditure), they outdid themselves. Society encouraged the management, talked of little else than of Irene, of her escape from a horrible death, and from "Washerwoman's Bay" to the "Mission" her name was upon every tongue.

If adulation could have rendered woman happy, she would have been that one. If she had been grasping, she could have secured jewels without number and money without stint. It was in the days when the purses of miners were plethoric, business flourishing, the "gay gambolier" in full blast, and fortunes made in a day. Everyone had their pockets filled, and "slugs" were recklessly squandered. Men who at home had never known anything but want reveled in plenty, and the dollar they would once have hugged to their hearts was tossed from them with contempt.

It was "flush" times. The idea of any other never for a moment entered the brain of the masses. If "broke" to-night, the pockets could readily be replenished on the morrow, and a license was given to self-gratification that amounted to wantonness.

And the power to produce a golden shower rivaling that with which Jupiter tempted Danæ rested with women. Their number were as yet few, and the few, for the most part, unworthy of the name. So one crowned with the jewels of her sex had but to appear and conquer. Every knee was bowed to her, every tongue loud in her praise, every heart open, and every hand ready to attest its loyalty by the one thing within its grasp—gold.

Of this Irene very soon learned. Even before she had made an appearance in public—before she had stepped upon the stage—presents were poured in upon her enough to have dazzled and charmed. And but a short year previously it might have been so with her. Now she had been schooled by adversity, been very near to death, and looked at all things through lenses far less focused with passion.

The rehearsal had passed pleasantly. She had been whirled thither and back in a carriage, was thinking of the impression she would create in the evening, when a card was brought her on a tiny golden salver. She glanced quickly at it, flushed, paled, trembled, as she read the name of "Captain Lee Benedict."

Should she deny or admit him? With the rapidity of lightning she remembered how closely she had been clasped in his arms. But decision was forced. They must of necessity meet again, and why not then?

The gallant captain entered. She saw there was a shadow of sadness resting upon his usually jovial face—that his manner was far more subdued than she had ever before witnessed.

"Lady—Miss Irving," he said, taking the proffered hand respectfully. "I come to you a messenger of grief. Please read," and he gave her a letter and retired to a window.

The lines were very brief her eyes rested upon, and yet contained a world—the information simply that the wife of the captain was dead—had died some weeks previously.

Did joy mingle with the regret of Irene? Strange as it was, she could not have denied it. But she trampled it under foot as if a loathsome serpent, and in fitting words expressed her sympathy.

"It is natural," he replied, "that we should mourn for any who die. Yet often death is the touch that breaks the most heavy shackles. I would speak feelingly of her who has gone, but she was never more to me than a wife in name. By the foolishness of our parents, we were betrothed in youth. In an hour when she was stung to the heart by the supposed indifference of the only man she ever loved (and to whom, I believe, she was engaged when I had just returned from a long voyage, and anything of womankind was exceedingly beautiful in my eyes), our hands were joined—but not our hearts. That fatal fact we soon found out, and thenceforth we were for the most part separated. I know she loved another. But she has gone, poor Cora, and may she find in heaven the happiness that was denied her on earth."

There were tears in the eyes of both when he finished. The story brought to the mind of Irene something of her own situation, and it did more. It covered with a mantle of charity his passionate utterances when upon the lonely beach; for there is nothing that so appeals to the tenderest sympathy of woman as wrecking or wronging in the affairs of the heart.

But both realized that the then and there was no place for a discussion of such matters. The shadow of death was yet too dark and real-istic. What might come in the future they did not pause to think, even with the one stone rolled away. So they parted. But the last words of the captain lingered long with Irene.

"Out of this death is born a great hope—a mighty joy."

She knew well what hidden meaning there was in the words, but crushed the flower before it had even time to bud. With two deaths looming up before her, it would indeed have been a strange hour for love to spring into life.

The remainder of the day was passed in consultation with the manager and preparations for the night—one that to her was of vital importance—one that would make or mar her future in that city. And she was to play a role that she had never attempted before, though studied many a long and weary hour. It was one (as she was told) that would particularly chime with the taste of the people, and which, if successful, would do more to gild her pathway than any other.

The character was that of Lady Macbeth—"the woman who stands before us divested of womanly tenderness, and as such is prepared for treason and murder. Ambition and will are supreme, conscience and sympathy are powerless. The hand that trembles for the sceptre is firm in the grasp of the dagger. Yet something of the woman, which she does not suspect, sleeps within her breast."

It was a dangerous undertaking for one so young in years, so young upon the stage, and especially when failures have been the rule, and success the exception; when the history of the stage contains the names of scarcely more than two women who have risen into the sublimity, energy, guilt, retribution and matchless grandeur of the character—the awful tragedy that would make of her a monster were it not that "by her unfailing devotion to her husband she is held within the circle of her sex."

But Irene had no thought of failure. The bare idea of such a thing aroused all that was combative in her nature—lifted her, as it were, above herself; and if human will could aught avail, she was determined to make her effort a pronounced success.

And yet it was with more perhaps of what is technically denominated "stage-fright" ed for the part—dressed at the hotel in the main—and took her place in the carriage, and was transferred to the scene of triumph or failure. Which would it be?

"I know not why I should feel so," she said to Mrs. Joe as they were being driven rapidly through the streets, "but this night appears as if to be a crisis in my fate."

"Dear heart," replied the motherly woman, "it's only natural when going before a strange audience and acting a strange part. I know how I should feel if playing Lady Macbeth."

This idea of the woman, with her lack of refinement and education, and a figure far better fitted for a female Falstaff, was too supremely ridiculous, and Irene could not restrain her laughter. But she was too tender of the feelings of her companion to permit the cause to be known, and concealed it by pointing to a passing Chinaman. Yet the ripple of mirth did her good—acted as a nervine, and restored in a great measure her self-possession.

The theatre was packed. There was no other name for it, despite the speculation in tickets, and the high prices paid for choice seats. From pit to dome it was literally a sea of faces; and so anxious were the audience that, notwithstanding the best efforts of the band and actors to please in the opening scenes, they were fairly routed by the stamping of masculine feet and clapping of feminine hands. And when Irene appeared, who shall describe the scene? For a moment there was a hush as of death; but she had scarcely given breath to the opening words of the part: "They met me in the day of success," before there arose such a tumult of applause as would have drowned thunder.

Dress, youth, beauty and genius had conquered upon the very threshold. She had won even before trying to do so, and henceforth her path might truly have been said to be paved with roses.

But it was in the "sleeping-scene" that she rose to a hitherto unknown grandeur, and carried the hearts of the audience by storm. It was terribly realistic, but yet so tempered with humanity as to enchain even while it awed; and when she finally disappeared from the stage, a sigh of relief seemed to rise from every breast.

Was it a success? The verdict was a unanimous one, and the papers for once forgot to criticise—one at least averring that it was above such a thing—that nature had never before been so counterfeited as to become a reality.

Yet glad was she to escape the crowd—to escape the humility of seeing what Mrs. Joe, in the plenitude of her wisdom, called "men making asses of themselves"—to escape having the horses taken from the carriage and seeing it drawn by human hands. But she could not ignore the serenade that followed—was forced to show herself upon the balcony for a longer time than was pleasant; and if it was human homage she desired, her heart must have run over, and a less truly poised brain would have been turned.

But how strangely we are constituted! A little bouquet she found upon the table in her room, a few sprays of perfume, to which was attached a card bearing the name of the captain of the ill-fated steamer, gave her more pleasure than all the wild huzzas and tossing of hats in the air, and waving of handkerchiefs, and the wilderness of flowers that had deluged the stage.

That tiny bunch of flowers was the last thing her eyes rested upon when falling asleep, and must have been the cause of strange, uncanny dreams. When the long, fringed, and delicately veined lids had curtained her eyes, she fancied she was sitting again upon the beach with Captain Lee Benedict—that his strong arm was around her, his breath warm upon her cheek—that he was whispering words of burning love—that she was listening entranced, when suddenly, and from out of the depths of the ocean, there came another Lee—Lee Ashton, but ah! so changed that she shuddered, and felt as if her blood was turning to ice.

It was no longer the form of the man she had once promised to love and had murdered. Ah! no; but, though she knew it was he, it was a deathless skeleton that drew near—a thing of bone only, ghastly, horrible, and mouldering. And nearer and nearer the fearful shape came, until it stood by her side and reached out its hand as to touch her.

Then the terrible vision changed.

A woman, young, beautiful, with hair of wondrous length and blackness, suddenly appeared, with eyes flashing and cheeks burning with passion.

"Lee," she whispered, and at the word the skeleton was clothed again with flesh and manliness—looked as when Irene had last seen him—"Lee, you are mine, mine only. I have come from the grave to claim you—you are mine for eternity."

"Cora darling," was answered, "I come."

Hand clasped in hand, they walked to the shore, the sea swallowed them, and the dreamer awoke with a scream that instantly brought her female attendant to her side, asking in a terrified voice:

"What in the name of Heaven is the matter?"

"Noth—nothing. I have had a bad dream. That is all," was rather gasped than spoken.

"I told you so," asserted Mrs. Joe, grotesque in petticoat, short night-gown and profusely ruffled cap. "I told you how it would be when you *would* eat two plates of chicken-salad just before going to bed. Better listen to me another time. As my old Joe says, there's nothing like a bit o' bread and cheese and a sup of beer."

Thus close, side by side, journey the tragedy and the comedy of life—thus laughter chases tears, and the humorous follows in the footsteps of the terrible.

For the rest of the night the slumber of Irene was tranquil and undisturbed by ghostly visions. Yet she arose unrefreshed, pale and nervous—declined to see all visitors except Captain Benedict.

"Tell me," she requested when the usual commonplaces had been spoken—"tell me, please, of your wife—of how she looked. I have a strange desire to know."

He took a miniature from his pocket and handed it to her. One glance was sufficient. *It was the identical woman of her dreams!* But with remarkable power she controlled her feelings until he had taken his leave. Then she fell fainting to the floor.

At an early hour it was whispered about that the peerless actress had been taken suddenly and alarmingly ill, and the Bay City was clothed in (figurative) sackcloth and ashes.

TO BE CONTINUED

ANOTHER HONEST CONFESSION.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO VANDYKE BROWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Whilst reading that poem pathetic
"An Honest Confession," by Brown,
The days of my youth rose before me,
When I, too, once wrote for renown.

The prospect of glory enchanted,
And boldly I took to my art;
With hope for my constant companion,
I fought for the wish of my heart.

I plodded from dawn until midnight,
My efforts, I thought, were the best;
But editors said, so consoling,
"Young man, you had better go West."

That straw broke the back of the camel—
At least to a certain extent;
For, although I was sadly discouraged,
Yet for fame by my pen I was bent.

Faint-hearted to westward I wandered,
Sweet hope to a shadow had grown;
But the years of successes that followed
Well paid for the dearth we had known.

And now, with my hair changed to hoary,
And every one praising my name,
I look with great pride to my "pig-pen,"
Which brought me the laurels of fame.

WARM-BRO.

DESDEMONA.

Our engraving is a representation of the heroine of Shakespeare's fatal love tragedy. The story of the gentle Desdemona has impressed her name on every memory, enshrined her character in every heart. Never did poet impersonate a being more perfectly pure, or more sweetly, nobly womanly. She is the complete embodiment of conjugal love in its highest and grandest development; based strongly in intense admiration of a "constant, loving, noble nature;" built up and cemented, like a strong fortress fitted to endure all that time or evil fortune might bring against it, stone by stone. She was not caught at once, as the passionate and impetuous Juliet was, by the outer charms of a handsome face and figure, but

"Saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honors and his valiant parts
Did she her soul and fortune consecrate."

Under the settled calm of a tranquil surface the current of her affection ran deep and strong, full of power and dignity, never loud. She had been

"A maiden never bold
Of spirit, so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself."

And as a wife the same innocent gentleness and placidity appeals to our respect and admiration. Gross natures, like that of Iago or of Brabantio, cannot conceive the possibility of a love so elevated and refined. Iago, for instance, although he admits that

"The Moor is of a free and open nature,"

and again says:

"The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,"

who, he says, will make "a most dear husband," is so far from recognizing the purity and loftiness of Desdemona's passion that he agrees with Brabantio in considering it "against all rules of nature," and, holding his nose coarsely, cries:

"Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural."

That a woman should overlook the outer man, and, seeing intellectual worth, nobility and beauty, fall deeply in love with these qualities, even if associated with "what she feared to look on!" was a preposterous idea in which, "sans witchcraft," neither Iago nor Brabantio could have belief. And to this day there are many like them.

Full of ethereal grace, simple in her innocence, and dignified in her simplicity, how truly and beautifully Shakespeare depicts Desdemona after she has been so coarsely reviled by her infuriated husband. Iago inquires: "What is the matter, lady?" and Emilia replies:

"Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it."

DES.—Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO.—What name, fair lady?

DES.—Such as she said my lord did say I was."

The childlike simplicity with which she puts this question, combined with her repugnance to utter a word so insulting to the wife and woman, are in wonderful keeping with her entire nature. There is no furious outburst of resentment and indignation, not a spark of anger against her cruel husband, not a single word of reproach. So in the last tragic scene of her death, when Emilia asks:

"Oh, who hath done
This deed?"

Desdemona replies:

"Nobody; I myself; farewell!
Commend me to my kind lord. Oh, farewell."

And so dies, faithful and devoted, true to her lord unto the awful end. Such a woman, so pure in thought, so strong in love, was the Desdemona of our artist's inspiration.

THE BOSS RAT-KILLER.

A tall man with a nose like a muffin went into a Main-street boarding-house one day last week, and asked for a dinner.

"Owing to the general depression of business and consequent scarcity of the rhino," said the proprietor, looking the tall man over, "a dinner will cost you thirty-five cents in advance."

"I have nothing with me but a check on a Boston bank," observed the tall man.

"Checks on Boston banks aint worth a copper," remarked the landlord. "I guess you'll have to dine more sumptuously elsewhere."

"Can't I do something for my dinner?" asked the tall man, as a hungry pang gripped him.

"You can pay," said the proprietor impressively.

"You give me my dinner," said the tall man, "and I'll agree to clean your house of every rat in it. I have performed the feat in many hotels throughout the country with most satisfactory results."

The proprietor accepted the bargain as a most advantageous one to himself, and the tall man seated himself at the table, where he did fearful execution among the victuals. He finished his dinner in half an hour, picked his teeth with a fork, called for a cigar, and proceeded to enjoy it.

"Now, then," said the proprietor, when the tall man had finished his smoke, "let's get to business. Go for the rats."

"Ah, yes," returned the tall man, "with pleasure. Procure me a light iron bar, about four feet in length, and I will proceed to business."

The bar of iron was produced, and the loafers gathered around to witness the interesting proceedings.

"Now begin," said the proprietor. "Where'll you commence first?"

"Right here," replied the tall man, as he carefully rolled back his cuffs, spit on his hands, and grasped the iron bar firmly, while the proprietor stood by, with great anxiety depicted on his countenance.

"Now," said the tall man impressively as he slowly elevated the bar, "are you all ready?"

"All ready," returned the proprietor excitedly.

"Then," said the tall man, "bring on your rats."

For the space of five minutes the excitement of an entire Presidential election filled the room. When it subsided the tall man was nowhere to be seen, and the proprietor was standing before a glass, tying an oyster over his left eye. The rats still revel in their native freedom.—*Rushford Courier.*

STRIKE the rage for cardinal red out in, red-headed men feel quite comfortable in feminine society.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

F. M., Hartford.—John Brougham on Thursday evening, Nov. 18, 1852, performed in "The Stage-struck Irishman" at the Old Bowery Theatre, N. Y., commencing at 7 o'clock and terminating at 7¾ P. M. He, with a portion of his company and invited guests, then took wagons for Jersey City, and started from Jersey City for Philadelphia, Pa., at 7.52, arriving at the Kensington depot at 10 o'clock precisely. The party then took stages to the National Theatre, Walnut-street, above Eighth, arriving there at 10.30. The performances at the National consisted of a first-class circus and a dramatic company, commenced at 7¾, and terminated at 10¾ with "The Maniac Lover." During the evening telegrams were read to the audience stating how far the company had proceeded. John Sinclair played Powhatan in the own burlesque of "Pocahontas," and the curtain rose for their performance at 10.30, and fell at 12 o'clock. The invited guests, who occupied seats in the circus ring, then, with the performers, took supper at the Girard House, after which they returned to New York by special train.

J. P. MCG., Prescott.—1. If the matter was left to two umpires third will now be necessary. If it was left to either of two, the decision of that one is final. 2. The two decisions are directly opposite. A card that falls on the floor, and, as is admitted, is seen by no one but its owner, is not an exposed card. Only the owner has looked at it. He can look at all his cards. Must he be given new ones because he does not like them? A card faced on the table by the dealer is quite another matter. There is then evidence that it has been exposed. When it falls to the floor without having been faced on the table, and no one but its owner has seen its face, we have to take only the owner's word for it that it was faced. This we cannot do, for this reason. Suppose he was drawing to aces. If he saw that the fallen card was an ace, he could say nothing about its being faced, and would not claim a fresh deal.

RICHMOND.—1. If a man running his base be struck by the ball, intentionally, unintentionally, or in any way, must he be declared out by the umpire? 2. Should the batter strike a short, high fly near the line of first or third-base, and the pitcher or any player, in attempting to catch same, muff it so as it falls outside or line of first or third-base, and the batter run to first base, is it a fair or foul ball? 3. If a batsman runs for a game, or has he on called balls, is he compelled to run to first base? 4. Is he to be given the privilege to walk to the base? 5. Can he be put out, and if so, how? 6. The ball takes its character—air or foul—in what way? 7. If it falls into the hands of a fielder who is standing on foul ground, it is foul; if he stands on fair ground when the ball strikes him, it is a fair ball, no matter where it may rebound. 3. He must run for the base.

J. H. G. C., Albany.—It is impossible to state definitely when and where "David Garrick" was first produced in America, as many printed copies of the play were sent hither from England. 2. It was first acted in this city, at the Theatre Comique Aug. 16, 1869, George Boniface Jr. personating the title character. W. Horace Lingard did not act in the piece. It was announced as being its first performance in America. On Oct. 11, 1869, it was produced at the Adelphi Theatre, Boston, Mass., which was under the management of W. Horace Lingard, and E. L. Davenport impersonated David Garrick. Our correspondent does not mention Mr. Lingard as acting in it at that time. It was probably some months later that he first appeared in it.

M. BEAR, Beardstown.—1. At an encampment on Gallows' Hill, Baltimore, Md., just after the battle of North Point, and when another attack was imminent, a MS. copy of Francis S. Key's new national song was read. Ferd. Durang, an actor, immediately applied himself to adapting it to music, and during the day selected an old air, called "To Anacreon in Heaven." It was afterwards sung upon the stage of the Holliday-street Theatre, in that city, by Ferd. and Charles Durang, and was first published in *The Baltimore Patriot* Sept. 20, 1814, six days after the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and its first title was "The Defense of Fort McHenry." It was afterwards called "The Star-spangled Banner." 2. Hinsdale, N. H.

PARK, Auburn.—Under the baseball rules say that a man returning to his base after a foul ball has been hit must do so *on the run*. If the man *walks* back, is the umpire justified in declaring him out? 2. If the ball is knocked out of bed in declaring him out? 2. If the ball is knocked out of bed in declaring him out? 2. If the ball is knocked out of the baseman's hands unintentionally by the runner, can he be declared out? If he can be called out, where is the authority to be found for such a decision?.....1. Yes. 2. Consult the rules and you will find the ball he is touched with is plainly held in fielding it before the runner is touched.

CONSTANT READER.—The record was as follows: May 23, Chicago vs. Hartford, 5 to 4; 25, Hartford vs. Chicago, 4 to 1; 27, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Hartford, 8 to 1; July 4, Hartford vs. Chicago, 3 to 0; 6, Hartford vs. Chicago, 9 to 3; Sept. 12, 8; Chicago vs. Hartford, at Chicago, 9 to 3; Sept. 12, 2; 8, Chicago vs. Hartford, 8 to 7; 13, Chicago vs. Hartford, 6 to 1; Hartford vs. Chicago, 4 to 3; 20, Chicago vs. Hartford, 2; 26, Chicago vs. Hartford, 7 to 6; 27, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Hartford, 16 to 10. The Chicagos won six out of the ten.

H. G. G., Philadelphia.—1. Katie Putnam made her debut in New York at the Olympic Theatre, Oct. 23, 1876. 2. She never played in "Jane Eyre" in the Union-square Theatre. 3. When a child four years of age, in Chicago, Ill., acting the Duke of York in Richard III. 4. Born Nov. 27, 1847. 5. Not married. 6. Not married. 7. Lotta was born in this city Nov. 7, 1847. 8, 9. They receive a certain share of the nightly receipts.

J. AND C. B., Pittsburg.—Neither wins the game, if "B has scored a run and A has twelve, with balls one and two on the batter, as it was not written what you mean, and so table." You have not written what you mean, and so can only guess at your probable meaning. Perhaps this will meet the case—Game of poor need not be prolonged until all the balls are pocketed in expectation that a "scratch" will supervene to save low man.

J. F. M., Quebec.—We do not decide bets on the strength of "estimates" nor upon local censuses of cities that manifest such rivalry in the matter of population as St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati. Chicago, according to the U. S. Census of 1870, had 298,983. There we stop, awaiting the U. S. figures of 1880.

WILL K. P., Brooksville.—1. 1433. 2. It was a two-and-a-quarter-mile race; and, as Bassett won it, Longand-a-quarter-mile race; and, as Bassett won it, Long-fellow must have won time at all. Time that is not of record—in other words, private, unofficial and therefore unreliable time—is not used by us in deciding bets, nor (since it would only cause confusion) in answering questions.

No SIGNATURE, Detroit.—1. It cannot play the four-spot. He is as much to blame as A for the miscount. 2. The question is almost unintelligible. If B was in the habit of betting and win on four aces alone. If he had passed out, it made no difference whether he had four, five, or forty cards. 3. Semi-professional.

LOVELL.—1. It is not. 2. Yes; it is an assistance in all cases where the catcher of a fly-ball throws the ball in for an infielder in time to put a base-runner out, no matter whether the latter is put out or not. The error of the base-player in such case does not deprive the fielder of the credit of a good assistance.

T. F.—There is little to choose between elementary grammar and one is about as good as another. When you need the more comprehensive works, you will find them just as serviceable, upon the whole, as what any other, and in some respects more serviceable than any other.

J. S., Rochester.—"A ball is struck in the air and strikes the ground fair between third base and home base; but the ground fair between third base and home base; but the 2ye third baseman catches it while on the foul ground, and before it touches the air over foul ground, the baseman also touches the ball while in the air over foul ground."....yes.

DOC.—The cost of a one-horse sod is $150.....cost of a San Francisco, Cal., via the C. P. R. R. is $136.....second-class, $100. A second-class passenger cannot ride in a sleeping-car, but occasionally exceptions are made to this rule.

C. B., Detroit.—It is not quite conclusive. Give the party who bet in the affirmative time to prove that Henry Miller was Alderman—twenty-four hours ought now to be

MOSE.—A was out on his call. No one point has precedence over another at cassino.

DUCK J., Syracuse.—As the bet is stated, that party loses who bet that the Stars would win every time, he has lost. 2. If the Stars would win every time, he has lost.

PHILADELPHIA, Ind.—Our rule requires the winning club to score at least two runs. A loser.

G. D.—There is no official time taken on English race-courses.

W. M. Newark.—The Stadt Theatre, in this city, will seat 1,015 persons, and the Boston (Mass.) Theatre 2,975.

LEFT-HANDED Joe, Newark.—Yes, if otherwise all right.

RAWL, Bound Brook.—J. H. Vinson is still in California.

COURT-HOUSE, Baltimore.—It is out on high and low.

READER, Boston.—It is merely a matter of opinion.

W. H., Covington.—Sixty cents for each insertion.

BUCKEYE BOOK CO.—One dollar for each insertion.

CONSTANT READER, Troy.—Have never seen such.

BUFFALO CITY.—Cannot say where he played.

E. C., Philadelphia.—The Hayes better wins.

J. M., Boston.—C need not play ace of hearts.

G. E. C., Toronto.—Could not insert it as all.

CONSTANT READER.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

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CONSTANT READER.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. M., Chicago.—You can claim out.

A. J. S., St. Louis.—C wins.

WE HAVE TRIED our best to make a pun about Kars, but every inch of ground seems to be already occupied by other funny fellers: we had got as far as "the belligerents in Europe are not satisfied with *horses*—they want *Kars* also!" when the very first paper we took up had something similar; so we let it go. Then we wrote "The Russian siege train ran into the Kars of the Turkish line, and a general smash-up was the result." Here, too, some other ignoramus had forestalled us. Turkey may point with pride as well as with sorrow to *its scars!* Nobody has this yet. Ah, ah!

WE DON'T BELIEVE IT.—Here is a report of a man out West who ate sixty quails in sixty consecutive days. We might have swallowed so much of the story; but, when we found it asserted in cold type that this quail-eater was a "newspaper man," we knew that the writer of the paragraph was endeavoring to mislead us. Where—mark how we stamp the falsehood—where could a Western newspaper man borrow the money with which to get sixty quails?

CONEY ISLAND PROMISES to become a famous resort for New-Yorkers. Hitherto it has been considered too democratic for the upper crust, and the bracing breezes have been inhaled chiefly by noses which are not oversensitive. Now, however, they are going to put up the price of lager to ten cents a glass, and give only six clams for a roast; so that there is every reason to believe that the Island will become popular and fashionable.

WE PRESUME THAT our modern "balloonists" earn a comfortable living, and are contented. Yet many a man would be miserable who was forced to depend on *air or naught* for subsistence—which is what our aeronauts do. [This is an elevated pun.]

THE YOUNG MAN who sends us a poem with the opening line "I walk the city's streets at night" has our heartfelt sympathy. Anybody who is obliged to walk the city's streets at night in their present condition is at least miserable enough for a poet.

THEY GOT their *Wood in* and their *Carpenter*, but they couldn't get Tweed *in a box!*

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On May 7: The judgment of the lower courts in convicting James Carroll, James Boyle, John Roarity, Hugh McGelian and Alex. Campbell of murder was affirmed by the Supreme Court at Harrisburg, Pa.....The official report of the surrender of Crazy Horse puts the number of Indians at 889, of whom only 217 were men.....Foreign news: A decree was published granting pardon to all persons banished from Cuba for political reasons, and raising the embargoes on property of insurgents as have surrendered, or shall surrender before the end of the war, except chiefs. Lord Derby's note caused serious reply to Prince Gortschakoff's note caused serious reply to Prince Gortschakoff's note caused serious pain and displeasure at St. Petersburg, and it was thought that Russia would not answer it, because the only possible reply would be a declaration of war. The Sultan was said to have promised to proclaim a holy war.....Notice was given that $1,000,000 of the Centennial Fund had been returned to the Government.....Herbert Hudspath, aged 15, committed suicide in this city.....George Ball, a lad living near Berbank, N. Y., accidentally shot himself fatally.....M. M. Parvin, a merchant, committed suicide by poison at Carlisle, Ind.....Fires: Schneider & Brother's store, at Greenman, Texas—loss $100,000, insured for $50,000; the Greenham House, at St. Paul, Minn., for $25,000; the Greenham House, at St. Paul, Minn., for $25,000; insurance $16,000; Dalby & Co.'s brush factory, at Elora, Ont.—loss over $10,000; eight buildings at Winneconne, Wis.—loss $7,000; eight buildings at Winneconne, Wis.—loss $7,000; eight buildings at Winneconne, Wis.—loss $7

INDIANAPOLIS vs. LOUISVILLE.

"One to nothing" was the tune to which the Blues on May 9 warmed the Louisvilles at Indianapolis, Ind., and they played upon the "Terror" as upon a flute. Blue Stocking after Blue Stocking stepped up to the plate and got "onto" Mr. Devlin, and they got onto him hard. If it had not been for the magnificent fielding of Hall, who captured seven flies and covered an immense quantity of ground, the Blues would have got in several more. Nolan pitched superbly, and Flint supported him behind the bat in the most beautiful style. Only one player for the Grays tried to steal second, and he discovered that a man don't stand any chance in a race with a ball when the latter is thrown by Flint. The Grays were able to get only three hits, and one of those was a scratch—in fact, they could not bat the ball out of the diamond, the outfielders getting only four chances. Denny Mack distinguished himself at short, assisting in putting nine men out and making some beautiful stops. He saved the game in the third inning by an extraordinary stop of a hot grounder from Latham's bat, when the Grays had men on second and third, and only one out. McSorley and Golden did the best batting for the Blues. Warner is credited with causing the winning run, a solid base-hit to centre bringing Golden in from second after there were two out. There was no dissatisfaction expressed by any of the players except on two occasions, when the umpire called "Strike," when he should have said "Foul and out," when he passed, one decision being given in favor of each side.

INDIANAPOLIS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Quest, 2d b	2	1	1	2	0	Hall, l. f	0	0	2	0	0
McSorley, c. f.	0	2	3	0	0	Latham, 1st b.	0	0	7	0	0
Mack, s. s	0	0	0	9	0	Hague, 3d b	0	0	13	0	1
Houtz, 1st b	0	0	13	0	2	Devlin, p	0	0	0	1	2
Golden, l. f	1	3	0	0	0	Shafer, f. f	0	0	1	0	5
Flint, c	0	1	8	1	0	Gerhardt, 2d b	0	1	1	4	0
Warner, 3d b	0	1	1	3	0	Craver, s. s	0	1	1	4	0
Riley, r. f	0	0	1	0	0	Snyder, c	0	1	3	1	1
Nolan, p	0	0	0	5	2	Crowley, c. f	0	0	2	2	1
Totals	4	8	27	19	5	Totals	0	3	27	16	7

Indianapolis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

First base on errors—Indianapolis, 4; Louisville, 3. Balls called—off Nolan, 18; Devlin, 11. Strikes called—on Nolan, 40; Devlin, 24. Runs earned—none. Umpire, A. Jones. Time, 1h. 45m.

ENTERPRISE vs. CHELSEA.

The Enterprise nine of New York, flushed with their victory over the strong team of the Resolutes of Elizabeth, N. J., visited Brooklyn on May 12 to play their first game with the Chelseas of that city. Unluckily for the New Yorkers, the Chelseas were in unusually good form for the field (including that they have yet placed in pitcher Corcoran), they went for the Enterprise nine in a way the latter despised. After the first inning's play—which practically settled the contest—the Chelseas went in with confidence at the bat, and confidence is a great thing in handling the ash.

CHELSEA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ENTERPRISE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Clare, 3d b	2	1	0	2	0	Duffy, p	0	0	0	3	1
Hayes, l. f	2	1	0	2	0	Vogle, c. f	0	0	1	0	1
Loughlin, 2d b	3	1	3	3	0	Meehan, c	0	0	1	0	1
Hourigan, r. f	2	1	0	0	0	Reddy, r. f	0	1	7	1	1
Rule, p	2	1	2	4	0	Breathnan, 2d b	0	0	2	0	2
Roseman, s. s	1	3	0	3	0	Breathnan, s. s	0	0	0	7	0
Dunne, 1st b	0	1	16	0	0	Clair, 2d b	0	1	2	2	3
Cocran, c	0	1	0	0	0	Sweeny, 1st b	0	1	12	0	1
Curran, c	0	0	2	5	2	McCrackin, l. f.	0	0	0	1	0
						Donahue, 3d b	0	1	1	1	2
Totals	12	10	27	14	2	Totals	0	0	4	27	14

Chelsea	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	2	6—12
Enterprise	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs earned—Chelsea, 2; Enterprise, 0. First base on errors—Chelsea, 9; Enterprise, 0. Umpire, Mr. Sullivan. Time, 2h. 10m.

LIVE OAK vs. FALL RIVER.

Announcement of the result of the game between these clubs, at New Bedford, on May 4, has already been made, and underneath will be found the full score:

LIVE OAK.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	FALL RIVER.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Talley, c	0	1	8	0	4	Nelson, s. s	1	1	1	0	0
Ressler, c. f	0	0	2	0	0	Williamson, 2 b	0	0	2	6	0
Heifer, 1st b	1	1	10	0	0	Dolan, 3d b	0	0	1	3	0
Curry, 2d b	0	1	3	4	1	Goodman, 1st b	0	0	10	1	1
Fisher, 3d b	0	1	2	1	0	West, r. f	2	1	2	0	0
Phillips, p	0	1	1	2	0	Hallett, c	0	1	2	2	0
Smiley, s. s	0	0	1	5	0	Creamer, l. f	0	1	3	0	2
Leary, l. f	0	0	1	0	0	McKelvey, r. f	0	1	0	0	1
Thompson, r. f	1	0	1	0	2	Galvin, p	0	0	1	6	1
Totals	2	5	27	20	1	Totals	4	5	27	14	6

Erie	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2
Allegheny	1	1	4	0	1	0	0	0	0—7

Two-base hit—Curry, 1. Strikes—off Phillips, 39; off Galvin, 46. Struck out—Erie, 6; Allegheny, 5. Called balls—Phillips, 13; Galvin, 13. Flies missed—Erie, 1; Allegheny, 2. Umpire, M. J. Fogarty. Time, 1h. 35m.

STANDARD vs. BUCKEYE.

The score of the game at Wheeling, W. Va., May 11, between the Buckeyes of Columbus, O., and the Standards is given below:

STANDARD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	BUCKEYE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lane, c	1	2	0	0	1	Fleet, 2d b	1	1	2	4	1
Moffat, 1st b	0	0	13	1	0	Barke, s. s	2	2	2	5	3
Jones, s. s	0	0	0	8	1	Booth, r. f	0	2	2	0	0
Glasscock, 3d b	0	0	1	2	0	Wagner, c. f	1	2	2	0	0
Hagan, p	1	1	1	2	5	Callahan, p	1	0	1	1	0
Barkley, 3d b	1	1	1	2	1	Spence, 3d b	0	0	0	1	1
Robinson, c. f	1	0	3	0	0	Sullivan, 1st b	0	1	14	0	1
Gallagher, l. f	2	1	0	0	2	Barney, l. f	0	1	7	2	5
Wilson, r. f	1	1	1	0	0	Strieff, l. f	0	1	2	0	0
Totals	7	6	27	20	10	Totals	6	12	27	23	10

Standard	0	0	1	0	0	5	0	0	0—7
Buckeye	0	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	0—6

Three-base hit—Lane, 1. Passed balls—Barney, 5. Earned runs—Standard, 1; Buckeye, 4. Umpire, Robt. McNichol. Time, 1h. 55m.

BOSTON vs. CHICAGO.

The first game of the series between these clubs, played at Chicago, Ill., May 12, was characterized by a great deal of muffing, especially on the part of the local team, and by heavy batting by the Bostons, who won easily:

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CHICAGO.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wright, 3d b	2	0	2	2	0	Barnes, 2d b	1	2	3	7	5
Leonard, s. s	3	3	1	2	0	Anson, 3d b	0	1	0	4	1
White, 1st b	1	2	11	0	0	McVey, c	1	1	2	1	4
O'Rourke, l. f	3	2	4	0	0	Spalding, 1st b	2	1	11	0	1
Sutton, 3d b	4	3	3	2	0	Peters, s. s	0	0	1	2	0
Brown, c	1	2	5	0	0	Hines, r. f	0	1	0	2	0
Morrill, r. f	3	2	2	0	1	Bradley, p	0	1	2	1	0
Murnan, c. f	1	3	2	0	0	Gilman, l. f	0	1	2	1	1
Bond, p	1	0	0	3	2	Smith, c. f	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	18	16	27	9	11	Totals	5	8	27	16	12

Boston	6	0	0	3	0	3	0	1	1—14
Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	1—5

First base on errors—Chicago, 5; Boston, 4. Passed balls—McVey, 3; Anson, 1; Brown, 1. Bases on called balls—Chicago, 2; Boston, 2. Umpire, J. F. Cone. Time, 2h. 45m.

ST. LOUIS vs. BOSTON.

A second encounter took place on the 10th, and this time a lively ball was used, but the result was much the same, the home team, minus the services of McGeary at second, coming out ahead. Bailey's fielding at third was the feature of the game, in which the fielding in general was below the mark.

ST. LOUIS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dorgan, l. f	1	2	2	0	1	Wright, s. s	0	1	0	4	3
Clapp, c	1	1	7	0	3	Leonard, l. f	0	0	1	0	0
Croft, 2d b	0	1	2	2	0	White, 1st b	0	2	12	0	0
Battin, 3d b	2	1	2	3	0	O'Rourke, r. f	1	1	1	0	0
Force, s. s	0	2	0	1	0	Sutton, 3d b	0	0	1	2	0
Remsen, c. f	0	0	3	0	0	Brown, c	0	1	6	1	0
Dehlman, 1st b	0	0	9	0	0	Morrill, 2d b	1	1	0	4	3
Stong, r. f	1	1	2	1	0	Murnan, c. f	0	2	1	0	1
Nichols, p	1	0	0	5	4	Bond, p	1	1	1	1	1
Totals	6	7	27	12	9	Totals	3	9	27	13	12

St. Louis	2	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	0—6
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0—3

Total bases on hits—St. Louis, 10; Boston, 10. Three-base hit—Battin. Two-base hits—Force and Murnan. Runs earned—St. Louis, 3; Boston, 2. Umpire, Mr. Burns. Time, 2h

HARTFORD vs. TECUMSEH.

The second game between the Hartford Club and the Tecumsehs of London, Ont., took place May 7, and was won by the visitors, the first game not being so good as that contested on the 5th. The score:

HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	TECUMSEH.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holdsworth, c. f	1	3	3	0	0	Goldsmith, p.	1	3	0	5	2
Start, 1st b	0	0	1	10	0	Hornung, l. f	0	0	1	0	0
Burdock, 2d b	1	0	3	2	0	Bradley, 1st b	0	0	1	0	0
Carey, s. s	0	0	2	1	2	Somerville, s. s	0	1	1	5	1
Ferguson, 3d b	1	0	1	2	0	Doscher, 3d b	2	2	0	1	0
York, l. f	2	2	2	0	0	Dimond, 2d b	2	2	2	4	1
Cassidy, r. f	0	2	1	0	1	Waterman, c. f	0	0	2	0	0
Harbidge, c	0	1	3	2	0	Gillean, r. f	0	0	0	0	0
Larkin, p	2	2	1	4	1	Knowdell, c	0	2	4	1	7
Totals	7	10	17	21	4	Totals	4	10	27	15	13

Hartford	2	0	2	3	0	0	0	0	0—7
Tecumseh	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	0—4

Runs earned—Hartford, 2; Tecumseh, 1. Umpire, Mr. Phil. Powers. Time, 2h.

CRICKET vs. AUBURN.

Last week the Crickets of Binghamton, N. Y., met the Auburn Club on the latter's grounds, and, as is one of the finest games ever contested in that section, the visitors won by four runs:

AUBURN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CRICKET.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burton, 3d b	0	0	4	0	2	McGuinness, 1b	0	2	11	0	1
Critchley, p	0	1	4	2	0	Richmond, c	1	0	7	1	1
Field, 2d b	0	0	5	2	1	Richard'n, r. f.	0	0	0	1	0
Tobin, 1st b	0	1	5	1	1	Allison, c	0	0	1	0	0
Dunlap, s. s	0	0	1	2	0	Clack, 2d b	1	0	1	3	0
Kenan, c	0	0	0	0	0	Kennedy, l. f	1	0	3	0	0
Macullar, l. f	2	1	2	1	2	Smith, p	0	2	0	4	2
Thomas, r. f	0	1	0	0	0	Turbidy, s. s	0	1	2	4	2
Stahr, c. f	0	0	4	0	0	Alcott, p	1	0	1	0	1
Totals	3	3	27	9	14	Totals	6	5	27	11	5

Auburn	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0—3
Cricket	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2

Two-base hit—McGuinness, 1. Bases on called balls—Auburn, 1; Cricket, 1. Time, 2h.

ALLEGHENY vs. ERIE.

The Allegheny (Pa.) Club made their appearance in Erie on Monday, May 7, and encountered the Erics, over whom they scored a victory by severe work, as the score shows:

ERIE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ALLEGHENY.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Talley, c	0	1	8	0	4	Nelson, s. s	1	1	1	0	0
Ressler, c. f	0	0	2	0	0	Williamson, 2 b	0	0	2	6	0
Heifer, 1st b	1	1	10	0	0	Dolan, 3d b	0	0	1	3	0
Curry, 2d b	0	1	3	4	1	Goodman, 1st b	0	0	10	1	1
Fisher, 3d b	0	1	2	1	0	West, r. f	2	1	2	0	0
Phillips, p	0	1	1	2	0	Hallett, c	0	1	2	2	0
Smiley, s. s	0	0	1	5	0	Creamer, l. f	0	1	3	0	2
Leary, l. f	0	0	1	0	0	McKelvey, r. f	0	1	0	0	1
Thompson, r. f	1	0	1	0	2	Galvin, p	0	0	1	6	1
Totals	2	5	27	20	1	Totals	4	5	27	14	6

Erie	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2
Allegheny	1	1	4	0	1	0	0	0	0—7

Two-base hit—Curry, 1. Strikes—off Phillips, 39; off Galvin, 46. Struck out—Erie, 6; Allegheny, 5. Called balls—Phillips, 13; Galvin, 13. Flies missed—Erie, 1; Allegheny, 2. Umpire, M. J. Fogarty. Time, 1h. 35m.

HARTFORD vs. CHICAGO.

Good batting and base-running won the second game between the Hartfords and Chicagos, at Chicago, Ill., May 10, the former doing great execution with a lively ball. The fielding on both sides was poor, and the contest comparatively devoid of interest:

CHICAGO.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2d b	0	1	3	1	2	Holdsworth, c. f	0	0	1	0	0
Anson, 3d b	2	4	1	3	0	Start, 1st b	2	1	12	0	1
McVey, c	2	1	4	1	2	Burdock, 2d b	3	1	4	2	0
Spalding, 1st b	1	1	4	1	0	Carey, s. s	2	5	0	3	0
Peters, s. s	1	1	1	4	1	Ferguson, 3d b	2	4	1	5	2
Hines, c. f	1	1	1	4	3	York, l. f	2	4	1	3	0
Bradley, p	1	1	1	0	0	Cassidy, r. f	1	2	1	0	0
Glenn, l. f	2	2	2	1	0	Harbidge, c	1	2	0	0	2
Smith, r. f	0	0	5	0	2	Larkin, p	1	1	0	6	4
Totals	10	12	27	17	12	Totals	14	19	27	16	13

Chicago	0	0	2	2	2	0	2	2	0—10
Hartford	0	2	1	0	6	0	0	5	0—14

Runs earned—Chicago, 2; Hartford, 5. Three-base hit—Left on bases—Chicago, 8; Hartford, 8. Umpire, Mr. Bredburg.

CRICKET vs. HORNELLS.

A fine game between the Crickets of Binghamton and the Hornells of Hornellsville, N. Y., was played here May 11. Considering that it was the first game the Hornells had participated in this season, and the energetic manner in which the lively Crickets handled the ash, notwithstanding Bradley's very effective pitching, the Hornells did all that could be expected of them:

CRICKET.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	HORNELLS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McGinnis, 1st b	0	1	13	1	1	Sohr, s. s	0	0	1	0	2
Richmond, s. s	0	0	1	3	0	Becannon, 3d b	0	0	2	1	2
Clack, 2d b	0	0	2	2	0	Stevens, 2d b	0	1	2	3	4
Allison, c	1	2	2	2	0	Warkley, c. f	0	0	3	0	0
Richardson, r. f	2	3	2	1	0	McCaffrey, l. f	0	1	2	0	0
Smith, 3d b	1	2	3	1	0	Heath, 1st b	1	0	9	1	0
Kennedy, r. f	1	1	1	0	0	Frawley, p	0	1	0	1	0
Alcott, p	0	1	1	2	0	Allen, r. f	1	1	2	2	0
						Elliott, c	0	0	7	1	0
Totals	6	9	27	11	5	Totals	2	6	27	9	13

Cricket	0	3	0	0	0	0	3	0	0—6
Hornells	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—2

Struck out—Cricket, 4; Hornells, 0. Time, 1h. 45m.

YOUNG MUTUAL vs. POLYTECHNIC.

The match between these clubs at Prospect Park on May 12 resulted as follows:

POLYTECHNIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Y. MUTUAL.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Griswold, c. f	5	1	2	0	1	McKee, c. f	6	2	4	4	0
Bulkley, 1st b	6	1	4	14	0	Cam'yer, 3d b	2	2	1	2	0
Walden, s. s	6	1	1	0	2	Gray, 1st b	5	2	1	6	0
Feber, c	6	1	1	5	2	Swaine, s. s	5	2	1	6	0
Atkinson, l. f	4	0	1	1	0	Hall, r. f	5	1	1	0	1
Ch'berl'n, r. f	4	0	0	1	1	Polhemus, c	5	1	2	9	4
Murray, p	4	0	1	1	1	Black, 2d b	5	2	1	2	1
Cam'yer, l. f	4	1	1	2	0	Cox, p	5	2	1	2	1
						Clegg	5	2	0	0	0
Totals	43	6	13	27	12	Totals	46	13	11	27	11

Polytechnic	0	1	1	1	0	0	2	1	0—6
Young Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	4	1	0	0—5

Earned runs—Polytechnic, 2; Young Mutual, 1. First base on errors—Polytechnic, 4; Young Mutual, 5. Umpire, Mr. Caldwell. Time, 2h.

SHORT STOPS.

At Utica, N. Y., on May 7, the White Stockings beat the Utica City Club, 19 to 7 . . . . At Chippewa Falls, Wis., May 5: Star vs. Badger Boys of Eau Claire, 5 to 4. . . . At Fall River, Mass., Fall River vs. New Bedford, 21 to 3. . . . The Star Jr. of Ashton, R. I., want to play any other nine who are under fifteen years old. Address Samuel Wilds, secretary. . . . The Mutuals of Fredericton, N. B., have elected the following officers: President, E. H. Allen; vice-president, W. Jarvis; captain, M. Hanlon; secretary-treasurer, H. C. Rutter; committee—E. H. Allen, William Jarvis, M. C. Rutter; consul, J. McLaughlin; secretary-treasurer, H. C. Rutter; committee—E. H. Allen, William Jarvis, M. C. Rutter; consul, J. McLaughlin; secretary-treasurer, H. C. Rutter. . . . The Indianapolis nine has been strengthened by the engagement of Seward, who played last year with the Hop Bitters, and will play right-field and change-catcher. . . . May 9, at Cambridge, Mass., Imperial Athletic vs. Mutual, 16 to 1. . . . May 9, at Philadelphia, Pa., Athletic vs. Mutual, 18 to 1. . . . The Wilkesbarre (Pa.) club announce the following games: May 17, at Wilkesbarre, Alaskas vs. Alaskas; 19, at Kingston, Alaskas vs. Carbondales; 23, at Scranton, Alaskas vs. Scrantons; 24, at Carbondale, Alaskas vs. Carbondales; 26, at Pittston, Alaskas vs. Pittstons; 28, at Wilkesbarre, Alaskas vs. Wilkesbarres. . . . Parrot, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Wilkesbarre nine, fielders—Moorstein and Bostute. . . . The Keystone Club of this city have reported their rooms to 165 Elm street. Address all communications to Daniel F. Maxwell, manager. . . . The club will take a fortnight's trip through New York and Pennsylvania. . . . May 12, at Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass., Boston College vs. West Roxbury High School, 25 to 10. . . . 10th, at Geneseo, N. Y., Livingston vs. Geneseo, 18 to 8. . . . The Memphis Reds defeated the Eckford Club at Memphis, Tenn., May 6, by a score of 23 to 3. The Reds will start on a tour North this week. They play the Louisville League Club 16, 17, Indianapolis 19, Ludlows at Cincinnati 20, Springfield, 21, 22, Buckeye at Columbus 22, 23, Haven 29, Hornellsville 30, taking in Auburn, N. Y., Syracuse, Auburn, Buffalo, and then into Canada. . . . The Live Oaks of Lynn, Mass., played the Auburn (N. Y.) Club on the latter's grounds May 11, the score being 5 to 1 in favor of the visitors. They played again on the 12th, and, after a warmly-contested game, were defeated, the score being 5 to 3 in favor of the resident nine. . . . Hugh M. Brady, one of the organizers, and for two years vice-president of the Alaska Club of New York City, died on Monday, May 7. The club postponed their game with the Resolutes of Elizabeth for the 9th, and on that day attended the funeral in a body. . . . The Clippers of New Bedford challenged the Ganjaroo for the season with S. C. France, captain; F. R. Pease, assistant captain and manager. The nine as at present constituted is composed of the following players: Willis, 2d b; H. Allen, 3d b; Lother, 1st b; Congdon, c. f; Pease, r. f. . . . A match game was played at Wheeling, W. Va., May 5, between the Standards of Wheeling and the Bethanys of Bethany; the score was 21 to 3 in favor of the Standards. . . . 10th, at Philadelphia, Defiance vs. McClung, 22 to 6. . . . 7th, at Janesville, Wis., Syracuse Star vs. Mutual, 14 to 3. . . . 8th, at Paterson, N. Y., Enterprise vs. Olympic, 5 to 4. . . . 9th, at Providence, R. I., Live Oak vs. Brown University, 8 to 7. . . . 12th, at Wheeling, W. Va., Buckeye vs. Standard, 5 to 4. . . . At Rochester, N. Y., Rochester vs. Allegheny, 2 to 0. . . . At Quincy, Mass., Technology vs. Adams' Academy, 32 to 18. . . . At South Braintree, Mass., King Philip vs. Braintree (six innings), 13 to 8. . . . At Bedford, Mass., Sheridan vs. Clipper, 9 to 6. . . . At Gloucester, Mass., Cape Ann vs. Quick Step (seven innings), 18 to 10. . . . At Brooklyn, N. Y., Osceola vs. Putnam, 23 to 7. . . . 9th, Rhode Island vs. Manchester, at Providence, 4 to 2.

THE HUB B. B. CLUB.—An amateur club under the above name, and numbering among its players some of the best talent in the diamond field, has lately been organized in Boston, Mass., to take the place of the Beacons, the only purely amateur club of any prominence that has represented that city since baseball has become a profession. The Hub nine are all employed in Boston, and it is to be conducted on strictly amateur principles, its members preferring to follow their business occupations to running any risk with professional or semi-professional associations. The positions they have so far been arranged as follow: c., Henry Oxley, formerly of the Fall Rivers; p., C. A. Wilson, Live Oaks; 1st b., F. W. Davis, 2d b., C. Davis, Fall Rivers and Chelseas; 3d b., Syracuse Stars and Fall Rivers; l. f., C. Ryan, Chelseas; c. f., E. Egan, Cricketers and Fall Rivers; r. f., Geo. Wright, Chelseas; Substitute, J. Ferris. Mr. Oxley is manager and captain. The opening game will be played May 15 with the Live Oaks on the Boston Grounds, a lively ball being used. The Hub B. B. C. will be pleased to hear from all first-class clubs traveling Eastward through Geo. Howland, 26 Kneeland street, Boston, Mass.

THE WILKESBARRE (PA.) CLUB are prepared to receive challenges, and offer inducements to clubs visiting that section of country. Address C. Marks, secretary.

H. J. O'NEIL, late of the Olympic Club, Paterson, N. J., advertises for an engagement as pitcher.

THERE ARE LETTERS in our care addressed to Manager of Alaska B. B. C., N. Y. Mutual B. B. C., and Thos. York of the Hartford B. B. C.

PEDESTRIANISM.

VERY FAST WALKING.

A match to walk fifty miles, for £25 a side, took place between Walter Lewis and Arthur Hancock, at the Prince of Wales' Grounds, London, April 30. Lewis is 21 years old, 5ft. 7in. in height, and weighs 144lb; Hancock, 25 years, 5ft. 7½in., and about 140lb. To complete the fifty miles they had to traverse 225 laps to the yards, and went off at a brisk pace, doing the first mile in 8m. 45s., and keeping close company for about four miles and three quarters, when Hancock went to the front to force the pace, and, gaining ground every circuit, at 20 miles he was a lap to the good, but it was apparent that he only held this position on sufferance; and Hancock, easing and taking a drink, the Islington lad had made up his lost ground rapidly, and, in the nineteenth mile, drew up to Hancock and passed him amidst much cheering. Going clean away, he was soon a lap to the good, and again succeeded in passing Hancock in the second lap of his thirtyfourth mile. It now looked as if the match was all over, but a little later on Lewis was seized with spasmodic pains, and Hancock, encouraged by the shouts of his friends, set to work in earnest again, and began to gain gradually, the excitement at this time being immense, as it was just possible, after all, that Hancock might pull the match out of the fire; but the timely administering of some rye gin to Lewis soon relieved him, and in his next mile he once more exhibited his old dash of speed, and got away again, and eventually Hancock threw up, seeing purposeless, stopped him just before completing his thirty-first lap (about 30 miles 392 yds.), and informed the referee that they were satisfied, and that Lewis need only go a couple of laps farther; so he pulled up at the completion of the 32d lap, having at this point traversed the extraordinary distance of 42 miles 935 yds. in 7h. 26m. 9s.—a performance that has never been equaled.

WHEAT VS. SHOALS.—Noah Makinson of Manayunk, Pa., a well-known sporting boniface, has forwarded a communication to us, stating that, having heard that Wheat of Pittsburg (the champion pedestrian) was willing to run anyone in the country one hundred and fifty yards, he (Makinson) is willing to match Benjamin Shoals of Trenton, N. J., to run Wheat the said distance for $500 a side, give or take fifty dollars for choice of the place of running. To show that he means business, Makinson has sent us a deposit of one hundred dollars to make said match, and will further more agree that, if both men are not off in fifteen minutes from the time of scoring, to go by pistol report, so as to avoid unnecessary delays on the day set down for the race. By covering the above amount ($100) at THE CLIPPER office, a match can be made at once. If Wheat really means business, and intends to run, he should answer Makinson's challenge.

LONG-DISTANCE CHAMPIONSHIP.—We find the following in *The* (London) *Sporting Life* of May 2: "Weston has sent us articles to make a match with Vaughan and Cross at stakes of £500 each, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, the third week in June; the winner to take the whole of the money and two-thirds of the entire gate-receipts, and the second man one-third." It seems quite clear O'Leary is not inclined to do any more walking at present.

THE 440-yards match between W. H. Coates and C. S. Cunningham of Philadelphia has fallen through, Coates paying forfeit of the first deposit.

JOHN ENNIS' CHALLENGE not having been responded to the $50 placed on deposit therewith has been withdrawn.

TWENTY-ONE-MILE WALK.—W. Howes again undertook to walk twenty-one miles in three hours April 21 at the Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, Scotland. The track measured a quarter of a mile, and the day was far from favorable, a drizzling, chilly rain falling nearly the whole time; nevertheless, Howes succeeded in accomplishing the feat, with thirty-seven seconds to spare. The first mile was done in 7min. 36sec., the second in 6min. 59sec., the third in 8min. 6sec., the fourth and fifth in 8min. 15s

A WORD OF COMPLAINT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PARK LEONARD.

I am a young dramatic gent,
What acts upon the stage;
And while I've done most excellent,
Consider ing my age,
Some things there are,
I will confess,
Which throw me in a rage.
My line of business, let me say,
Is the utilitee;
I have a part in every play,
And some times two or three.
The noblest Roman of them all
Was mine in Julius C.

Upon the bills my name appears
As "Claude De Aberdam;"
Some vulgar people, so I hears,
Pronounces this a sham,
And says my name is Bacon, which
Is why I'm such a ham.

In Forsyth street I do reside,
Where pass the Harlem cars;
My boarding-house, they say, is snide
In some particulars,
And yet it is not lowly, for
I dwell among the stars!

But what I wants to speak about,
In this connection, is
The custom boys have got of shout-
Ing when they see my phiz,
And seeking for to pester me,
And ridicule my biz.

Now, when I steps upon the stage,
And says "The carriage waits!"
It makes my hair stand up with rage,
To hear young William Bates,
Who knows me, call out "Supe!" with all
That that insinuates!

And when I plays the warrior bold,
With shield of polished tin
And helmet made to look like gold,
Above the noise and din
It is not pleasant for to hear
Them shout "Go chalk your chin!"

Nor is it complimentaree,
When as a Roman dressed
I'm listening to Antonee
And cheering at my best,
For some small boy to viciously
Sling out "Pull down your vest!"

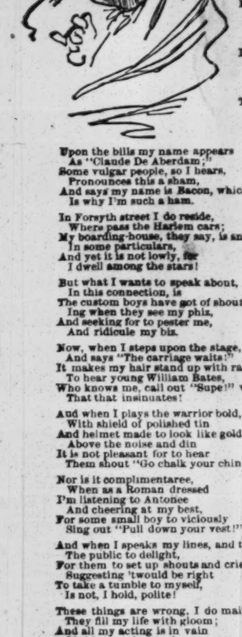
And when I speaks my lines, and tries
The public to delight,
For them to set up shouts and cries,
Suggesting I would be right
To take a tumble to myself,
Is not, I hold, polite!

These things are wrong, I do maintain;
They fill my life with gloom;
And all my actin' in the main
If this must be my doom;
For while I goes with beefsteak well,
I ain't no blamed mushroom!

"GOPHER JIM:"

A STORY OF REVENGE AND REMORSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MNEMOSYNE.



No one knew any other name for him than "Gopher Jim." When he first came into the vicinity of the diggings, and settled in a little, out-of-the-way canon, he had given out that such was his title; and the fact that he constructed a rude habitation known among Western hunters as a "gopher" strengthened the assertion.

There was something about him unlike the careless, even though hard-working miners, who, if they did spend recklessly, yet tore up from the bowels of the earth the gold they squandered; who, if they gambled away their little all to-night, made it up by extra effort on the morrow; and who, if they drank deeply to-day, refrained from the cup as penance for a week.

"Gopher Jim" worked by rule, and in secret places. If he ever was strictly sober, it was when out of sight. If he ever indulged in mirth, it was when hidden in his half-underground cabin. And certainly no one ever heard a hearty laugh come from his throat, and smiles seemed to be strangers to his lips. Yet work he must upon his claim, and to the town to obtain supplies (very much after the manner of Falstaff—a very little bread to an exceedingly large quantity of something stronger than sack) his buckskin-pouch was well filled with glittering dust and sparkling nuggets.

A man bordering upon the giant in size, with large, muscular arms and hands, constantly with deadly weapons at command, with sharp and restless eyes ever peeping out from beneath long and heavy lashes, he would have proved a dangerous antagonist. But his morose disposition, his bulldog manner of growling forth answers when addressed, soon made him avoided. There was some mystery about him that no one had ever been able to fathom, and his immense strength when aroused secured him from curiosity and molestation. He had shown his courage and muscle once, and that was enough. Prudence beyond endurance into a quarrel by a bully, he had clutched him by the throat as with fingers of steel (long afterwards leaving purple marks), drawn his knife, and was about to plunge it into his heart, when a sudden change came. Passion faded from his face, and it became ghastly pale; his strong nerves shook as those of a terrified woman; he thrust his knife back into his belt, raised the form of the bully as if but a child above his head, and hurled him far from him, looked for an instant as he lay insensible and as a crushed worm, and hastily departed, leaving from between his clenched though chattering teeth:

"Never again! O God! never again must my hand be stained in human blood!"

That, in the minds of those who overheard him, stamped murder upon his soul, and ever afterwards he came and went without being questioned or having his way obstructed. The experiment was too dangerous.

But watchful eyes saw that, though still a young man—one upon the better side of thirty—his lease of life would not be long, and that Death, the grim landlord, would soon foreclose. Drink was doing its certain work, aided, it might have been, by a stinging conscience. His visits to the little town were more frequent, his gains apparently smaller, and his longing for stimulant more insatiate. Rumors came, too, that hunters who had passed the lonely cabin at night had heard strange sounds issuing from it—the most insane ravings, curses, pleadings and prayers. What could they mean? Was it simply the effect of strong drink? Was he the pitiful victim of delirium-tremens? His course of life would point to that. But on the morrow, when he came to town, there was no trace to be found upon his face—nothing out of the common, but a wistful, restless glancing of the black eyes, and a shadow as of some torture he suffered or feared. Those who looked on it faithfully—buried it deeply within his own heart, and went his way and lived his lonely life the same as before.

But one evening, when the tempest swept down the pine-clad steeps and through the rocky gorges of the mountains—when the rain descended as if the gates of heaven were swung wide open for a second flood—when the thunder shook the solid hills and the lightning bolts fell blinding and crashing and destroying, splintering the strongest and most knarled trunks, and plowing and seaming the walls of the canons with ghastly scars—the priest who had penetrated thus far into the wilderness intent only upon doing good to his fellowman—"to shrive the dying, bless the dead"—was startled by a loud rapping upon the door of his humble cabin. And, good man as he was, a strange fear took possession of him. Involuntarily the thought of the arch-enemy of mankind coming amid the glare and sulphurous fumes of the lightning and the loud and deep diapason of the thunder, and a prayer was formed upon his lips before he answered the summons and could make his voice heard above the fierce elemental war.

"Come in."

The door was swung open impatiently, almost furiously, and the dim light of the candle within revealed a form that made him shudder as he gazed on it. He knew it was that of "Gopher Jim," but never before had he appeared so horrible. His beard was uncovered, and his long hair hung matted and dripping. His face was as colorless as spar, save as it appeared checked and crossed with livid lines. His eyes seemed to burn as coals. His dress was scanty in the extreme. From his waist upwards only an old flannel but tattered shirt was wrapped around him. In one hand he held a knife, and in the other a large-sized revolver—the whole making-up a wildly terrible and dangerous visitor.

With a mighty effort the good man commanded himself, welcomed his visitor, proffered him a chair, and asked whence he came upon such a terrible night.

"From hell!" was the startling response; and with a curling lip he continued: "You think there is no such place but beyond the grave; but you are mistaken. Hell burns ever and fiercest in the human heart."

"Hush, my son. Sit down and calm yourself," answered the priest with trembling nerves and voice.

The sharp eyes that were fixed upon him did not fail to notice his fear, and the deep voice was broken by a mocking laugh as the speech was resumed.

"Fear nothing from me. I will do you no harm. Do you think I have breasted such a storm, felt the lightning curling amid my hair, and been hurled from my feet by the thunder, to take your life? Ha! If you would but take mine! Here are pistol and knife—here my naked breast. Send bullet or steel through my heart and I will bless you—bless you!"

The sentence that had commenced in defiance ended in a sob. The wretched man sank upon a seat, buried his face in his hands, and for a time was silent. Then he suddenly arose, fixed his eyes upon the priest, and questioned fiercely:

"Is there any hope for a murderer?"

"Yes, in repentance, penitence and prayer."

"It is a lie!—a miserable, mocking lie," was hissed back. "There is no hope, no salvation, for one who has stained his hands with a brother's blood, much less for one who has killed an—an angel!"

"I but speak the words of a blessed truth. Even the thief upon the cross was saved."

"Thief?" was repeated with the most indignant contempt—"thief? Would you compare stealing the entire world to such a crime as I have committed?"

"Tell me, my son ——"

"Son? God pity her—God pardon me! There was one who once called me thus—my poor mother! And I killed her, as well as her—her —— A double murder! And you would tell me there is forgiveness for such a wretch? It is false—false as hell!"

"But, my son, listen to me ——"

"Nay; listen to me. Aye, by the Heaven above, you must, and shall!"

"Wait, my son, until you are in a better mood for confession."

"Wait? What I have to tell must be told this night. Hark! Do you not hear the fiends summoning me? But I will baffle them—baffle them—will take my life with my own hand!"

Recovered from his first fear, the priest sprang forward, snatched knife and pistol from him, and threw them far through the open door. Then he fixed him with his clear, gray eyes, and by force of will reduced him to something of quiet, took a glass from his scanty cupboard, filled it, and commanded him to drink. The glass was crushed as an egg-shell in his mighty grasp, and an oath burst from the heavily-bearded lips as he answered:

"You a priest, and bid me drink? Now I know that your words are false."

There was a subtle magnetism in the calm, penetrating eyes that could not be resisted. He drank—not the produce of the still, as he had supposed, but a powerful opiate—and after a little became sufficiently calm to tell his story. But it was long in the telling, was broken in the recital, and the gray of morning was creeping upwards in the east before its conclusion.

It was a tale of love, of passion and of jealousy. A few years previously the guilty man had wooed one whom he persisted in calling an angel, and described as of wondrous beauty, with eyes of the rarest blue and hair as the finest-spun gold. Already dissipated, he had been discarded, and all the devil in his nature aroused. In an evil moment he went to again plead his cause—found a more favored rival by the side of her he madly loved—struck furiously at him, and, missing his aim, buried the knife in the heart of the girl. Then he fled, followed by the hounds of the law, drifted from place to place, sank deeper and deeper in the scale of humanity, and at last buried himself in the little canon, with the face of the beautiful dead ever haunting, and the reason-destroying cup ever at his lips.

"Not one hour, day or night," he said, "but she has been by my side—not a single moment, awake or asleep, but her accusing eyes have been fixed upon mine. Tell me, is not that hell? Is there, can there be, any worse? And you talk of repentance! And as I have lived, even so will I die. The last sight I shall ever see will be that beautiful form, that angel face, even as when she fell dead at my feet."

"And as an angel she will plead for you."

"Never! Years ago I read, and the words are burned as with a red-hot iron upon my brain:

"O thou dead
And everlasting witness! whose unsinking
Blood darkens earth and heaven! What thou now art
I know not; but if thou seest what I am,
I think thou wilt forgive him whom his God
Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul."

The constant repetition of the soothing draught at last began to take effect, and the brain and heart tormented man sank into an uneasy slumber. Then the priest, shaken by what he heard, stole out into the fresh air of morning. The sun was just rising, and tipping the tree-tops with gold. A little retired from the cabin he knelt and poured out his soul in prayer. Calmed by it, he turned his gaze once more upwards; but started back in intense astonishment, and even alarm, as he saw standing upon a rock, at a distance, a white-robed figure having the same glorious face and blue eyes and hair of gold that he had heard described.

Did the dead come back? Do angels revisit the earth? Do the murdered come in palpable shape to make horrible the last moments of their destroyer? A thrill such as he had never before known passed through the priest as he saw the beautiful one standing as if tip-toed, and with a white hand upraised to Heaven. But the thought of the slumbering man pressed upon him. He realized that if his eyes rested upon the vision he would go mad, and in his heart he yet hoped to save and lead him to the foot of the cross. Intent upon that, he hastened back to the cabin to shut the door. But he was too late!

In wild-eyed despair, the murderer stood, watching the celestial visitor. His face was as ashes, his lips purple with fear, his massive limbs trembling under him.

"Agnes! O God!" he gasped. "Agnes! Agnes! See, she is beckoning me to come—to ——"

Before the priest could divine his purpose, he had rushed forward and threw himself from the high rocks into the terrible canon—down, down, hundreds of feet, and (was it fancy?) the priest imagined he heard laughter ringing from above, and when he looked up again the vision had fled, and the tall trees alone stood nodding to the leaden sky.

The generosity of the miners made easy burial for Gopher Jim, and in their reckless life he was soon forgotten by all save the priest. As to what he had heard and seen he kept silence. The mystery of the form upon the rocks, glorified by the morning sunlight, was beyond his philosophy to solve, and he "went down into the dark valley" unsatisfied as to whether it was substance or shadow that had summoned the murdered to his doom.

But there was a solution, as there is to all the (so-called) spiritual manifestations. A girl who looked as the murdered—one of a little party—had strolled from camp at the critical moment, and, in the hands of Providence, became the instrument of vengeance.

LILY MELVILLE, OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XLIII—CONTINUED.

"Stand clear!" he cried hoarsely, "or your blood be upon your own head! I am fighting for more than life!"

But Antoine would not listen. With the sheet still clinging to and impeding him, he rushed on. Clarence drew back a step, looked coldly calm, and down came the iron with awful force, crushing in the man's temple as his hand actually touched Clarence, and felling him to the ground. Still grasping his weapon, the prisoner knelt down, placed his hand upon the jailer's heart, felt it beat, sighed his exceeding satisfaction, and then, extracting the key from the top left-hand pocket, sprang to the door. Here a sudden fear—a sudden thought—struck him and momentarily paralyzed him. Suppose Jacques had bolted the door on the outside? He had never thought of that. His hand trembled like a child as he inserted the key in the lock and turned it. Alas! his fear was a certain truth. Jacques had barred the door, and he was shut in with the blood-stained body of the unfortunate Antoine!

Clarence Clifford had passed through some stirring moments in his eventful life, but he was conscious of a presentiment that none were ever so critical as those. He felt—though why he could not have said—that he was fighting for more than his liberty, even for as much as his future happiness. He waited, with the cold beads of perspiration cropping out upon his forehead, for the heavy footsteps, and at last, after what seemed an eternity, they came, their owner grumbling still, and blowing with irascible puffs. Clarence smiled grimly.

"Things have gone hard with the ruffian, but they will be going harder directly," he thought, and, shrinking back so that the opening door would shield him, stood with the poker uplifted.

Up came Jacques, drew the bolts, and kicked the door open, and Clarence Clifford's game was nearly lost. The door, though thick and strong, was a clumsy, ill-made one. There was a chink between its hinge-back and the lintel of an inch wide. Through that crevice Jacques had a view of Antoine upon the floor, and an uplifted arm behind the door. He uttered a loud cry, dropped the bottles, and tried to push the door to again, but Clarence darted round and confronted him as he leveled a revolver.

"Stand back!" he cried in guttural, provincial French, "or I fire!"

"Fire away," said Clarence, and, suddenly bending down, he butted the man in the stomach, caught him by the legs, and threw him to the ground; then, before he could recover himself farther than to allow of a volley of fearful oaths, up went the poker, and down it came upon the heavy skull.

"Traître!" exclaimed the late prisoner. "Better to break your head, my fine fellow, than play billet to your bullet!" Then, thinking he had better have the reviver, he picked it up, thrust it into the breast of his coat, hurried to the bedroom, snatched at a small parcel he had made up, and, casting a farewell look round his late prison, ran lightly down the stairs.

It was dark outside, and a wet night. All the better for the chance of his escape. The more miserable the night, the fewer the people to notice or arrest him. Instantly making up his mind to take the road in continuance of that by which he had been brought, judging that they would at once conclude he would try and return in the direction whence he had been smuggled, he set off at first very leisurely, then at a rapid pace. The narrow streets were soon left behind, and he entered upon a long row of shops. Then he paused.

He knew that the blows he had so liberally bestowed, though heavy ones, would not keep MM. Jacques and Antoine quiet for very long, and that, well versed in the locality, they stood a very good chance of recovering him unless he could match their knowledge by a little strategy. To this end he strolled into a barber's or hairdresser's shop, and asked for some hot water. While the man reached it, this English gentleman stole a false pair of whiskers from a case at his elbow, and left half a sovereign in their place. It was a desperate move, but circumstances did not admit of any other kind. He could not buy them with the man's knowledge, for the purchase would be the very means of betraying him; so he bought them, and paid liberally for them, on the sufi-ross principle.

With the soap in his pocket and the whiskers under his coat, he exchanged the well-lighted street for the harbor, and there donned his false beard, pulled his cap well over his forehead, and lounged with admirable self-composure into a wine-shop that, from its prevailing odor of tar and its nautical sign of a dancing sailor, seemed to him a likely place to obtain the information he wanted. The innkeeper, a clone-cropped Frenchman with one eye, drew him the wine and informed him that a boat would start in two hours' time. Clarence Clifford treated off the wine, paid for it, lit a cigar, and strolled out into the darkness.

For two hours he kept under the shadow of the bales and empty casks on the quay, and did not mingle with the passengers waiting for the boat until they had congregated in sufficient numbers to make a convenient crowd. Gliding into the midst of this, he went with it on board and there snatched off his whiskers with a great sigh of relief, and was about to pitch them overboard, but a sudden inspiration stopped his hand.

"No," he murmured, "they may be useful," and he put them in his pocket.

It was a miserable night, and there was every chance of a rough passage, and the greater part of the passengers had fled to the close and stifling cabin. But Clarence Clifford threw up his arms to the wind and the rain with an ecstasy of delight and enjoyment that was almost cheaply purchased at the cost of his imprisonment.

"O liberty!" he exclaimed aloud, "I can realize now how precious thou art. Let me think of nothing but my freedom and escape, for a while at least."

In his great delight he had almost shouted the words, and one of the boat's men, who was rolling past at the moment, pulled up short and looked round with a stare.

"I beg pardon," he said gruffly and in English, "but did you call your pilot, or please to speak?"

"Eh!" said Clarence, turning round sharply and with some surprise. "I did, my man, but unconsciously—talking to myself."

"And had a jolly bad listener," growled the man, strolling off.

Clarence Clifford looked at him with some dim memory flitting through his brain. He fancied that he had heard the voice before. He waited until the man passed him again, then touched him upon the shoulder. The man turned, and put his finger to his tarpaulin hat. The gesture let in a flash of light upon Clarence's memory, and with a burst of joy, not unmingled with other emotions, he grasped the man's arm and exclaimed:

"What! Is it Will Stammers?"

The man uttered an ejaculation and started back. The next moment, with a profound stare, he jerked out slowly:

"Hang me if it isn't Master Clifford! Bless my soul, sir, how do you come here?"

Clarence Clifford shook hands with him, and with a laugh that was not altogether a merry one said:

"Come, Will, I may ask you the same question, I think. How comes it that you have exchanged the stable-yard at—at Rivershall for the deck of a Calais passage-boat?"

"Well, you see, sir," he commenced, then pausing to remove his sou'wester and scratch his head, true English-groom fashion, "I couldn't stop down there at Rivershall a-watching poor Mary die by inches. You remember little Mary, sir?"

"Aye!" said Clarence, stifling a sigh for other memories more his own.

"Well, we was engaged to be married, but the ould doctor, Morecroft, said she couldn't last, and —and I was very fond of her, Master Clifford—too fond of her to stop there watching of her fade away like, so I run away."

His head dropped upon his breast; his weather-beaten face was hidden for a minute or so; but suddenly he looked up, and in a husky voice said:

"But maybe you can tell me, sir, whether—whether she be dead or not?"

"I?" said Clarence.

"Aye. When might you have been at the hall last?"

Clarence stepped back and looked at him by the light of the lantern, but made no reply. Will Stammers waited a moment, then looked surprised.

"Bean't you been at the hall, sir?" he asked.

"Will, have you forgotten the morning when you and Jake and Ned, and after the tutor who had been dismissed the house?"

The man nodded and laughed.

"In course I do, sir," he said; "and a rare good joke, a-begging of your pardon, it all was. Think as the Squire should go and forget himself as to strike a gentleman like you, and the man of his daughter's heart."

Clarence Clifford's face turned livid, and he held up his hand to silence the man, but honest Will either did not see the gesture or did not understand it.

"Ah," he ran on, "what a tantivy there was up at the hall when they found as you was gone, sir. Miss Lillian she fell to a-crying, and crying on, and The Squire he dashes about and starts a dozen of us after you, with 'Fetch him back, by the heels if need be,' and ready to tear his hair out with vexation when we came back without you. But what am I thinkin' of, a-running on like this to you, sir, who knows it all by heart? But you'll excuse me, do, how they all be—Jack Druitt, confound his cankerous skin, Mrs. Williams, and ——"

"Merciful Heaven!" burst from the listener's lips, and stopped him.

"What ——" he commenced.

But Clarence Clifford seized his arm with a grasp of iron, and startled him into silence.

"Man!" he exclaimed desperately, "are you playing upon me, mocking me, or what?"

"Heaven forbid as I should presume to play upon my betters, Master Clifford," replied the man indignantly. "What ails you?"

"Tell me quick, plainly, without any beating about the bush," said Clarence. "What do you mean? Sir Ralph sent for me!—Miss Lilian ill! For Heaven's sake, speak, man! Don't you see I am going mad while you stand gaping there?"

The wind rose, the rain rattled down, and Will the boatman raised his voice and shouted:

"What do I mean! Why, bless the man, bean't you the master of Rivershall, and Miss Lilian's husband?"

Clarence Clifford staggered.

"It's your own fault if you bean't!" continued the man in his ear. "Weren't we sent after you because the young mistress was a-dying for you, and Sir Ralph ready to marry her to you five minutes after we'd got you? Hadn't we to bring you back by the heels, if need be? What ails the man?"

Clarence put his hand to his head with a groan. What had he lost! What cruel fate had kept this precious cup of bliss from his sight, and led him blindfolded through the mazes of blunder-land!

"Oh, well, well," he cried, "you bring me joy and cut me to the heart at the same moment. Miss Lilian loved me! Sir Ralph ——"

"In course. Don't I tell you so, sir?" retorted the man, naturally exasperated at the incredulity of his listener. "By token didn't she give Squire Besant the go-by, and then lay at death's door for week, cry her out your name day and night ——"

"No more, for mercy's sake, man, no more; you will kill me!" interrupted the agitated man. "I have been at the gates of Paradise, and turned away! O Heaven! to know that it is too late!"

"Too late, what for, sir" said Will. "Get you to Enand's arms when I've got you. If you haven't been there since then, and see if they don't jump at you, Squire and all, like a ripe plum."

"Ah!" breathed Clifford, daring to hope, but the next moment dashed to the depths of despair. "No, no, it cannot be; she is married long, long ago."

"Married! Who to?" asked Will Stammers, clutching the ropes and holding Clarence Clifford by the arm to save him from rolling against the bulwarks, to which danger he seemed perfectly indifferent and unconscious.

"Mr. Besant," groaned Clarence.

"No! Beg pardon, sir, and no offence, but I'm hated him. No, sir; mark my word, as sure as you're standing there—which you won't be directly, if you don't keep tight hold, sir—Miss Lillian, bless her heart! is waiting and sighing for you. Get you to Rivershall as fast as horses' legs will carry you, and ——— Aye, aye, sir, coming!"

And, obeying a summons from the captain, he lurched off, leaving Clarence Clifford hot with joy and hope one moment, the next cold with doubt and despair. Between these conflicting emotions he vacillated for the rest of the passage, thinking every moment an hour, groaning at the idea of the distance between Dover and Rivershall, longing for wings to fly like an eagle to the place where his heart rested. With this excitement burning in his bosom, he dragged Will Stammers ashore, almost forced a bottle of rum down his throat, quite forced a handful of gold upon him, and then engaged post-horses with relays at all the stages between Dover and Rivershall, and, as he prayed momentarily, to free Lilian. Journeying thus, his blood at fever-heat, his eyes sparkling and restless as diamonds, his hands never still a second, and the prayer always on his lips that he might not be too late, he neared Cheriton. As the panting horses—four white and good ones—climbed the hill, smoking and steaming, the sun burst through the clouds and shone right royally for the first time in three days. Clarence Clifford uttered a cry of joy, and took it as a good omen.

"O my darling!" he cried aloud, "I shall see you, hold you in my arms, call you mine yet."

Now came the first straggling cottages. A man, a laborer, stopped to gape at the flying post-chaise, then another, then a man and a woman, and—how singular!—all that had passed were in mourning, a band of crape around the men's caps, the women in black dresses and shawls. Then, at the entrance of the village, three cottages were closed. A shutter was up at the inn, and a funeral was passing down the street, with half a dozen laboring men following sadly. The postilion dashed by the inn. He had received his instructions to drive to the hall, and two or three groups gathered to look after the chaise. But there was no shouting, no boys running after it, no excitement, and but very little curiosity. Clarence Clifford, with his restless hands drumming at his side, was struck by it; but the hall was in sight, and his eyes were glued on its huge chimneys. At the moment the leaders swept round the corner of the avenue, the church-bell commenced to toll, something dark and black moved out from the gates, and Clarence Clifford, startled by a warning cry, leapt out as the leaders pulled up within a few yards of a coffin borne on a hearse. He fixed his eyes upon the long cortege of hearse, mourning-carriages, and line of walking mourners as if he were mad or dreaming; then, amidst the buzz of hushed confusion, his voice clove the air as if it had been a knife.

"Who—who is dead?"

The door of one of the mourning-coaches opened, and a thin figure got out and hurried to the traveler's side.

It was Mr. Packer.

"Mr. Clifford," he exclaimed, "you have arrived most opportunely! Another hour and it would have been too late. When did you hear ——"

But something in the young man's face startled, then terrified him. The eyes never moved from the hearse, the lips were growing blue.

"Who is dead?" came huskily from them. "Will no one tell me?"

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Packer, turning to the small group that had collected from the mourning-coaches. "Gentlemen, this poor young gentleman is Mr. Clifford. Dr. Morecroft, he has not heard!"

The doctor pushed past, and caught the hand clenched at the side. It was cold as ice.

"My poor young friend," he said, "it is a terrible blow it has been for all of us; but bear up like a man. Be calm. They have gone to a better land, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

"Who lies there?" the blue lips formed.

"Tell him, tell him," whispered Dr. Morecroft. "The strain will be too great."

"Mr. Clifford—bear up—we are taking to their last resting-place the bodies of our dear friends Sir Ralph and Lillian Melville!"

One cry went up to Heaven and rang in the hearts of all who heard it, never to be forgotten, and Clarence Clifford fell at the very feet of the pawing, impatient horses.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element's below. * * *
Oh, that way madness lies; let me shun that.
—SHAKESPEARE.

The reader will be spared an extended description of Clarence Clifford's soul's anguish. Such emotion as that which tore his heart in twain and drove him to the verge of insanity is indescribable, and he who would attempt to pen it must fall lamentably.

Then, and death wait for no man. The funeral cortege passed on and left Clarence Clifford in the hands of the postilions and a small gathering of villagers, who, halting betwixt two opinions as to whether more interest could be got out of the agony of one living person than the burial of two dead ones, had decided in favor of the former, and stood gaping round him. At last someone, the only Solomon in the crowd, suggested that he should be taken to the hall, and placed in silence the post-chaise was turned, and the hirer of it conveyed to the "Rivershall Arms."

Here they prepared a room for him, and literally locked him up in it; for it was evident that he could not be trusted to his own devices, and, every soul in the village having gone to the funeral, there was no one left to take charge of him. So there he remained, in a darkened room, alone, with that indescribable agony at his heart and the tolling of the bell in his ears. Presently the bell ceased, the suppressed hum came back to the village, and the arms was the habitues of the room in which they had put him was directly over the common or public room. They had not chosen the best room for him because it offered more advantages for self-destruction in the shape of bell-pulls, fire-irons, and a constable's staff. This second chamber was a garret with a sloping roof and great slits in the floor, through which came the heat and smoke of the room below, and occasionally the conversation of the occupants.

Clarence Clifford, lying on the floor, with his head leaning upon his arm against the bed, was conscious of this, but for some time the gush of voices came upon his ear unmeaningly. Presently, however, as his grief became deadened and numbed by its very intensity, the words grew into shape and signification, and he found himself listening in a stupefied, half-conscious way, as if he were dead, and the still living were talking over his grave. How benumbed his faculties were can be understood. The conversation did not draw a groan from him. A rough voice was speaking with a broken, thoughtful tone, and a pause every now and then filled up with sighs.

"Ah, and a sad day for Rivershall, the mistress too, Jem! It's a bad day for Rivershall, this. He was short and testy sometimes—which of us bean't?—but a good one at heart. There's none of us here have wanted for anything while the Squire Ralph owned the hall."

"Aye, aye," was the sad response; "he was good at heart, sure. Miss Lily was an angel."

"Angel!" repeated the man who had spoken first, "That bean't the word for her. It be used too often to please me, Jem; find summut more uncommon like. Bless her sweet heart and send her peace, say I."

"Amen!" came heartily and tearfully.

"These be sad days altogether for all on us, Mike," said another. "The undertaker have had it all his own way in t' village for a good bit now. The churchyard's anigh full, anigh full. The angel o' death have been among us."

"Aye, aye," in sighs again; but there were many remained silent, Mike amongst them.

"Mike," said the man called Jem, speaking with a slightly lowered voice, "you bore a hand at t' hearse, didn't ee?"

"I did," replied Mike.

"Did—did you go to notice anything, now?" continued Jem, and stopped.

Mike puffed at his pipe.

"Notice what?" he asked.

"Anything strange like, out o' the way."

"I noticed nothin' out o' the way. Did you?" replied Mike, but with a certain hesitation.

There was a pause, in which the stupefied listener up above knew that the man was looking round at his companions with cautious timidity before he committed himself to speech.

"Well," he said at last, slowly and in a still lower voice, "if I do speak the truth, I did. Now, Bill Somers, you lent a hand, was one of them as lifted the coffins. Didn't you go to notice nothing rum like?"

"Why," said a thin, quavering voice. "What should I a' noticed at such a time? I was all for carryin' on for the poor Squire."

"Aye, aye," came the response again.

"About the coffins?" said Mike, taking up the subject suddenly. "Well, Jem, now you reminds me, I did. I did notice summut, but I'd forgot it."

"Ah!" said Jem. "I'm glad on't. Some on ye 'ud a-said it were my fancy, but it warn't. Them coffins were as heavy as lead."

"They was lead, perhaps," suggested a voice.

"No, they weren't," said Mike instantly; "there weren't no time to make 'em. Don't I know, for I lended a hand to carry 'em to the lodge? More by token, they was made by the new doctor's orders, and most particular he were. They weren't lead, Bill, but they was as heavy as lead, none the more for that when the Squire and the young mistress were inside."

"Aye, and there's summut else as is most peculiar, Mike," said Jem, encouraged by the general look of interest and awe. "Been't it a strange thing a slim young lass like Miss Lily to weigh more nor a big-boned man like Sir Ralph?"

"It's impossible that, mate," commented Mike curtly.

"Aye, it bean't," retorted Jem with grim triumph. "Ask Bill and Jack if Miss Lillian's coffin didn't weigh nigh again as much more than the Squire's."

"Aye, that be the straight truth," said two voices assentingly; "and so it did, Jem."

"Ah," said Jem, triumphantly, "you don't think as I can be five pound out in my reckoning, Mike Sullivan? Weren't I at the mill at Nerriton, a-liftin' bags and weights all day, and couldn't I tell a bale within a couple of pounds?"

"Aye, you did ought to, that's certain," said several.

"I should think so," said Jem; "nor I haven't been and gone and carried so many of 'em to the churchyard for nothing, mates. I knows the weight they generally run, man and gal and woman, and I see that there never were such a lumpin' weight as the Squire nor the dear lass."

There was a dead silence, broken only by the puffing of the smoke and the occasional setting-down of a pewter-pot upon the plain deal-table. Presently the sound of a horse's feet and wheels caused one of them to look up with:

"What be that?"

"That's the strange doctor's cart," replied Jem, who seemed to be the best informed of the company.

"What's he doin'?" asked the same questioner.

"Goin' to Lunnon wi' the poor Squire's things."

"What! the hall things, the furniture?"

"No," retorted Jem scornfully; "d'you think as one cart 'ud take 'em, soft? No, the linen and furniture out of the Squire and Miss Lilian's rooms, what's been hinfected, as they calls it."

"Ah," said the man, "goin' to Lunnon. Everything goes to Lunnon, even them deadly things!"

"Whose cart's the doctor got?" asked Mike.

"I dunno," said Jem. "Bill Yardley offered his, but t' doctor says no, as he wouldn't go t' risk spoilin' it with the infection, and as he should get a cart from Lunnon as was kept o' purpose like. And that be it a-goin' along."

"Who drives it?" asked Mike.

"Dunno; one o' doctor's chaps, same as came wi' it."

"Anyone know 'em?" asked Mike.

"Not as I'm aware on," replied Jem, as ready to answer as the other to question. "Yardley seed one on 'em, and said as he was the ugliest chap as he'd ever set eyes on. Looked like a furriner."

"Ah," said Mike. "T' doctor's summut of a furriner himself. Them furriners stick together, I've heam. And whose a-comin' t' the hall, Jem?"

"Lady Melville," replied Jem, "the ould Squire William's young widow. She's to come when the house is done up and set t' rights, and who'd a-thought we should ever see't ould stock die out?"

There was a groan and sigh of sympathy. Then Clarence heard his own name mentioned, but footsteps ascending the stairs prevented him from discovering in what connection. The landlord, who had been beside the prisoner, and who he held some office, entered and offered his assistance in undressing the poor young gentleman, but the poor young gentleman was now a stern, broken-hearted man, and refused every offer. He wanted to rest undisturbed for another half-hour. A horse was then to be saddled and brought to the door for him. He intended returning to London. To the perplexed and sympathetic landlord's question if he would not stay the night, or at least take some refreshments before starting, he gave no answer—indeed, seemed not to have heard it. In half an hour the best horse in the stable was brought to the door, and Clarence Clifford rose and walked heavily downstairs. There was a small knot of men at the door, as usual on such occasions, and they turned aside with a shake of the head and a smothered exclamation of pity. When most of them had seen this man last, he was in the glory of his youth and vigor; now his heavily gaitered, bent-back, listless figure and drawn face were worse than age.

"Poor Maester Clifford!"

At the word he started as if in sleep and roused, with his hand upon the bridle. But he did not speak, and, handing the landlord a sovereign with shaking fingers, started Londonwards.

"Ah," said one of the spectators, "there goes a broken heart, if ever I seed one."

"Ye can't break your heart, man," said one sadly, but with a view to argument. "T' new doctor says so."

"I know he do," retorted the first speaker. "Nor t' neck, neither. But mark me if the poor young gentleman don't contradict that both ways. He's broke his heart, and ull break his neck, I warrant, afore he gets to Lunnon. Did he look as if he could sit in t' saddle?"

Bent in body and broken at heart, the horseman rode on, indifferent to the road or the pace. The horse was a good one, and, with a generosity that must have sprung from something higher than instinct, did not stray from the London road nor break its rider's neck, as it most assuredly might have done; but it chose its pace, a slow one, and trotted on with leisurely contentment. In this way the pair neared London. The horse had stopped once or twice to bait, and Clarence Clifford had dismounted, but he had eaten nothing, and merely crawled to some leaning-post, and leant there with the same stupefied face and want of purpose. Once or twice rural policemen had looked after him medively and considered whether they were doing their duty in allowing such an evidently absent-minded man to risk his life. But no one had stopped or interfered with horse or rider, and the lights of London were before them. Then, towards dark, an incident, the solitary one of the journey, occurred, and Clarence Clifford received a fearful shock. In a narrow part of the high road the horse had suddenly stopped. Clarence Clifford looked up listlessly to see the obstruction, and found that it was a large cart, drawn by two horses, which had stopped to allow of a man to examine the latches. It was an ordinary, heavily built, cart and the stricken mourner would have passed it without a glance had not something dark and bulky, lying in the body of it, attracted his dull eyes for a moment. It was only for a moment, but in that short time he knew that he was looking upon the face of the dead. The men in the parlor of the "Rivershall Arms" speak. His eyes seemed glued to the dreadful, feverish-tainted mass, and with a groan he put his hand up to them.

As he did so—that is to say, while his eyes were covered—he heard, or he fancied he heard, a deep-drawn sigh proceed from beneath the tarpaulin that covered the bundle. With a start he took his hand from his face and looked back. He saw that the driver of the cart had turned his head in the direction of the inside and seemed listening.

"To what?" asked Clarence Clifford hazily. "Had he heard the sigh also?"

He pulled up the tired horse and waited in the shadow. The cart started and rumbled on. As it passed him he heard—fancied he heard—the sigh again. The cold perspiration started from his forehead, and Clarence Clifford roughly roused the horse to the ground. Petrified in this way, he saw the cart pass and once more heard the sigh, louder this time, and—horror of horrors—from the deadly heap a low smothered cry. With his knees sticking to the horse's sides, he struck it with his whip and bounded on, with one delirious desire—to fly from the deadful thing which was sending him mad.

For, dizzy and benumbed, he was convinced that the sighs and the cry were the deadful fancies of approaching insanity.

CHAPTER XLV.

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles.
—SHAKESPEARE.

In due course the mistress of Rivershall arrived. The hall had been thoroughly cleansed and redecorated; many of the old servants had been dismissed as too old for the new comer, and a great many more had been sent away to make room for those she brought with her. One old servant, if so she could be called, remained, and that was Miss Lucas. Mr. Packer had, soon after his transmitting the news of Lady Melville's loss of her relatives, and consequent gain of the estate, received instructions to make the aforesaid redecorations, and to hand an inclosure to Miss Lucas.

What that inclosure contained no one knew save the person to whom it was directed; but it was noticed that, after its receipt, the quiet governess, in a manner, assumed the charge of the house, and that a tinge of authority was perceptible in her manner to the servants. She was in the room when Bromwell had taken his departure. He had superintended the disinfecting of the place, his work was done, he said, and he felt that he wanted a change. It was generally understood that he had returned to that part of the Continent whence he came.

Lady Melville arrived quietly, as befitted a mourner. Her traveling-carriage had only two horses, and besides her maid and a courier there were no attendants. It was dark when the carriage rolled into the drive and stopped before the door; but there was light enough left for Lady Melville to see the serene, composed look of triumph on the face of Miss Lucas where she stood, at the open door, ready to receive her ladyship.

Lady Leonora Melville, mistress of Rivershall, was a different person in appearance and bearing to Lady Melville of no place in particular and a small house in London in general.

Miss Lucas saw that at a glance, and scanned in great curiosity the pale face, with its anxious eyes and uncertain lips, the slightly drooping figure, attired in its deep mourning.

"Your ladyship is late and must be perfectly ex

the North Sides, the second by the Short Stockings, and the third—well, it is concerning the third that I am going to tell you.

That memorable contest occurred on a Saturday. The evening before I called upon Lill Clinton. With a fortitude as surprising as it was unusual, I had kept away from her for two weeks. Then my fixed resolutions weakened. It was impossible to practice such self-denial longer, and so I made my way to her house. Lill opened the door herself, and led me, laughing, into the parlor. There, seated comfortably upon the sofa, was Tom Chipendale! He greeted me with his accustomed cordiality, but I found it difficult to be even civil. I would gladly have withdrawn from the house, but I knew that such a course would betray my jealousy; so I resolved to remain. The conversation naturally turned to the game to be played on the following day. Chip was hopeful, good-humored and talkative; Lill was all these, and as prettily tantalizing as ever; for myself, I was sullen, silent and dispirited.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" interrogated Lill.

"Do you think you will be beaten to-morrow?"

"I don't think much about it," I answered.

"Just hear that, will you!" she exclaimed. "Now, Chip is certain that his club is going to win, aren't you, Chip?"

"Yes," said Chip with one of his good-natured smiles. "I think it's booked to come out that way."

The evening dragged along miserably enough for me until half-past nine; then Chip rose to go.

"To-morrow will be a lively day," he said, "and I must get a good night's sleep."

He expected, no doubt, that I would accompany him; but I kept my seat, and so he took his departure alone. When he had gone, Lill came and sat down by my side, and, fixing her eyes full upon my face, said:

"Jimmy, I know what is the matter with you."

"What?" I asked.

"You are jealous of Chip."

"Well, suppose I am?" was my rejoinder. "You know how much I love you, Lill, how dear ——"

"Didn't you tell me that you were going to forget me?" she interrupted.

"That is nonsense," I returned. "No man can forget the woman he loves. Will you marry me, Lill?"

"I think I have answered that question at least a hundred times before," she said. "And as often as I have answered it I have told you that I shall never marry anybody." Here she stopped, gazed intently at the floor for a moment or two, and then, raising her eyes, and putting one hand on my shoulder she added: "Would you really like to marry me, Jimmy?"

"*Would* I?" I ejaculated. "You know I would, Lill. You know that, if you would promise to become my wife, I would be the happiest man in the world."

"And you are sure you love me?"

"Never was surer of anything in my life!"

"Well then, Jimmy, I am going to give you a chance. If the North Sides beat the Short Stockings to-morrow, I will consent to be your wife!"

"Do you mean it?" I exclaimed, jumping to my feet.

"Of course I mean it," she answered. "But remember—if you don't win the game, you are never to speak to me of marriage again. Is it a bargain?"

"It is!" said I.

And thereupon the bargain was sealed with a kiss.

When I made my way to the ball-grounds on the following day, I found a thousand people assembled to witness the game. As I passed the stand which was reserved for ladies, my eyes caught sight of a straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbons, and set jauntily upon a graceful head. From under that hat I knew full well the eyes of Lill Clinton were looking down; but I did not dare to return the gaze. I was in such a state of nervous excitement that I began to doubt whether I could play at all. Making my way hurriedly to the building used for that purpose, I donned my ball costume, and then emerged onto the field. As I passed in front of the seats I heard a voice say:

"One hundred to eighty that the Short Stockings win this game!"

I could have strangled the fellow who offered to make that bet!

During the quarter of an hour which elapsed before the game was called, I sought to overcome the nervousness under which I was laboring by practice play. I saw at once, however, that I was in poor condition, that my catching was uncertain, and my throwing wild.

Play was finally called at three o'clock sharp, the Short Stockings losing the toss. As I started towards my base, Colville, who was one of the heaviest backers of the North Sides, came up to me and said:

"Do your prettiest, Jimmy. I've got five hundred up on the result!"

"I've got a good deal more than that!" I said quietly, and walked towards my position.

The day was perfect—bright, not overwarm, and with scarcely a breath of air stirring. The moment that I reached my base, and saw the ball in the pitcher's hands, the nervous feeling which I have described vanished. I felt as cool and collected as though I were playing simply for amusement. Every muscle was hardened, every nerve steady. My eye was keen and my head clear. I felt, in short, that I could play as I had never played before. This sudden change in my condition was not unnatural. It was simply the result of a terrible strain upon my nervous system, which, while it lasted, gave me a false strength and power of self-possession.

In the opening inning not one of the Short Stockings reached the first base. They retired in one-two-three order, the first striker going out on a foul, and the other two batting flies, which were easily taken by the outfield. The North Sides did better, scoring one run, which was fairly earned.

The second inning opened up in a more lively manner, and gave me my first work to do. Tom Chipendale went to the bat first for the Short Stockings, and made a splendid strike, sending the ball like a bullet over the short-stop's head, and clean out of reach of the field-player. He took his base easily. Then Balcom, who was counted one of the heaviest hitters in the S. S., followed with a grounder, which was beautifully stopped by the baseman; but an unfortunate wild throw gave Chip his second base, and Balcom his first. The third striker, Wentworth, after two fouls, sent the ball just inside the line of the first base with great force, and apparently beyond my reach. I saw that my first opportunity had come, and I made the most of it. With a mighty effort I threw myself into the line of the ball and took it hot from the bat in my right hand. Then I sent it straight as an arrow to the third-where Chip was put out, while the baseman returned the ball to second. Balcom reached his base in time to save himself, but the brilliancy of the play elicited loud cheering from the spectators. Balcom succeeded in getting home, thus scoring the first run for the Short Stockings. The next man went out on a foul. For the North Sides I was the first striker in this inning, and made my base on a safe hit into the centre field. We scored three runs, two of which were earned.

The score now stood four to one in favor of the North Sides, and my chances of winning Lill began to appear promisingly bright.

In the third inning, the batting qualities of the Short Stockings displayed themselves to good advantage. Two runs were set down to their credit, while the North Sides retired with a blank.

The fourth inning added nothing to either score. The fifth was a repetition of the fourth.

In the sixth, the Short Stockings again punished our pitcher most unmercifully, and but for the excellent play on the part of the infield—modesty alone prevents me from saying on the part of the first-baseman—they would have run up their score into the double-figures. As it was, they made three runs, while our men were retired in one-two-three order.

The score marked six to four in favor of the visiting club. Lill's image began to fade before my eyes. Inwardly, I was consumed with the fire of excitement; outwardly, I was calm, cool, and collected. But three innings more!

By sharp play in the field, and a gross error on the part of our antagonists' second-baseman, the seventh inning resulted in adding two runs to our credit and nothing to the Short Stockings. The score now stood six to six, and the excitement among the spectators was most intense. Every play was greeted with tumultuous outburst of applause. For myself, I was surprised at my own nerve, and the certainty with which I counted upon victory.

The eighth inning opened with a magnificent hit by Balcom, which gave him his second base. The next striker sent the ball into the hands of the short-stop; the third was put out on the first base, the ball having been sent in from the left field with wonderful precision; the fourth brought Balcom in, while the fifth retired on a foul. Our own men, albeit they batted well, failed to make a run. This left the score seven to six in favor of the Short Stockings, with but one more inning to play.

As I took my position for the final struggle I felt as fresh as though I had just entered the field. In moments of such intense excitement as that it is to be counted a blessing that a man is not able to think. Every other thought save that of the game had fled from my mind. I was wrought up to such a strain that it was impossible for me to reflect; I could only act.

The fielding which that displayed by the North Sides in this final inning I have never seen. Those who fancy that ball-playing demands no headwork are sadly at fault. It was by headwork that we prevented our opponents from scoring a run after they had got three men on the bases. Our last chance of victory now lay at the bat. Two runs would win the game. Two runs would win Lill Clinton!

The first striker, Edwards, went out on a liner which was neatly taken by the Short Stockings' third baseman. Yet I did not lose hope. Richmond came next, and made his first base by a wild throw on the part of the pitcher. Then Bateman, one of our strongest batters, made a splendid hit into the left field, sending Richmond around to third, and taking second himself. Clark went to the bat next and brought Richmond home, but was himself put out at the first. Meantime Bateman had reached third. The score was now a tie, with two of our men out. The excitement among the spectators had grown to fever heat. It was my turn at the bat, and I stepped forward amid a storm of applause.

"Sock it to 'em, Jimmy!"

"Now's your chance!"

"He's the boy that can do it!"

These and similar shouts of encouragement rose from the crowd as I took my place at the plate. As coolly and calmly as though nothing hinged upon the result of that play, I brought my body into position and waited for the ball. Once only I turned my eyes towards the mass of spectators that filled the seats, and there, in the ladies' stand, I caught sight of a blue ribbon fluttering out on the breeze. This was all that I saw. The next instant my gaze was riveted again on the pitcher. The fourth ball came straight, swift, and shoulder high. I swung my bat and struck with a force I had never known before. The crowd gave a mighty cheer, and, hurling the bat aside, I ran for the first base. Not until I reached it did I look to see the result of my hit. I had sent the ball clean over the head of the centre-fielder, and with such force that he did not reach it till my foot was on the bag. That strike had brought Bateman home, and given the game to the North Sides.

Lill was mine!

I did not get in my run, but that was a matter of very little moment. With all possible haste I made my way to the ladies' stand. Lill greeted me with a glad smile, and her cheeks grew more deeply crimson as she said:

"I shall never make another contract like that, Jimmy!"

But the one that she had made she fulfilled. And I may add that our game of life thus far has never been marred by a single foul.

PLANET'S FIRST RACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

There was nothing heard of Nina by the general public from October 13, 1853, when she was bulidozed by Red Eye and Lawson, until about two weeks prior to the Spring races of 1858, on the old Fairfield Racecourse, when it was given out that her first colt would start in the Doswell Stake, gotten up in 1855—mile heats, $1,000 entrance, $250 forfeit. For this stake there were twenty-eight entries from seven different States, and State pride was fully enlisted for the coming event. The hotels of Richmond were literally crowded by the representatives of different States, and all with pockets full of lucre to back their favorites. New Jersey was represented by Philo Bush, who came, along with William H. Gibbons, to back the daughter of Gold Pin, who retired from the turf in disgrace after her miserable failure in Augusta, Georgia, on January 13, 1853. The whole Cheatham family came on from Nashville to have a jolly time in case the son of Albion was successful, and Mr. Harper left the blue-glass region of Kentucky for two objects, the first of which was to see his Yorkshire colt capture the immense stake, and the second was to visit the birthplace of Kentucky's greatest statesman, Henry Clay. Last, though not least, Mr. Mark Lewis of Georgia helped to swell the list of visiting sportsmen. Mark, like old man Harper, had a twofold object in visiting Virginia on this occasion; but his extreme modesty made him declare that the great race attracted him by presence, while the truth was that he came to the Old Dominion for the purpose of getting united to the lady who had won his heart in the mountains of Virginia the Summer preceding his historical illluck in Augusta, Ga., when he and Ike Everitt lost their all on Gold Pin and that horrid "spout," causing them to become forced pedestrians from the race-track into the city of shade and beauty. A little over five years was rather a long courtship, we ventured to remark; but Mark, in his same mischievous style, replied "that good articles were always worth waiting for."

As the day of the great meeting came nearer, the excitement became greater, for every horse that was known to be a sure starter was a favorite, which was very singular, but nevertheless true, and a poolseller at that time could have reaped his eternal wealth. While all this excitement was going on, Mr. Mark Lewis quietly stole away, and, traveling a short distance up the James River, got spliced, and returned to the City of Seven Hills with his charming bride, wherein they agreed to spend their honeymoon: for Mark had said "I don't know anything that's more pleasing to a Virginian than a good horserace; and, as my wife is a thoroughbred, I thought the best place to spend the first week of our married life was where we could look at thoroughbreds, for it beats traveling and lonesome watering-places all hollow. Let's smile."

Now, this kind of logic might not suit the ladies of other sections, but the daughters of Virginia and Kentucky understand and appreciate it, and Mrs. Mark Lewis was no exception to this rule; for, as she sat in the spacious parlor of Ballard's Exchange Hotel, looking out on the first street-bridge that Edward, Prince of Wales, ever crossed, she bantered her friends to bet all imaginable things which only ladies care for; and, to her credit be it said, that Mrs. Lewis was steadfast and true to the representative horse of her native State.

The fourth of May, 1858, came at last in the whirl of time, and with it the day of the great race, which was ushered in by Nature with a clear sky and a balmy atmosphere, and, of course, a day like this in *old* Richmond was celebrated by everybody enjoying the sport at Fairfield. The grand-stand looked like a panoramic cloud, the different colors of the ladies' dresses blending in brightness and adding splendor to the greensward in the meadow opposite, and making a picture rarely seen on canvas. Mrs. Lewis was there, a central figure, surrounded by many ladies paying homage to the bride; and she was betting gloves, ribbons, and other knicknacks in such a reckless manner that, had she not been lucky enough to pick out the winning horse, Mark might have begun his wedded life by becoming a walking-master. Where was he? Around, as of yore, looking for "tips;" and, in company with James Watson of Newport, R. I., he walked over to inspect the first horse that showed on the track, which happened to be Nina's colt, in charge of Bony Young, a trainer widely known and respected in that long, straightaway circle of race-tracks from New York to Orleans and up the muddy river. In fact, everybody knew Bony, and of course Mark had that pleasure. But he did not know that Bony Young was training for Major Doswell; so, walking up, he extended his hand with merry greetings and a few words thrown in about Georgia. Bony was glad to see Major Watson and Mark, for he had not cast eyes on either for a long time; and, after the common talk was over, the natural question was:

"Which horse are you going to back?"

"How many do you think will start?" asked Mark in his off-hand way.

"Well," says Bony, "you see, there were twenty-eight entries originally, and out of that number only five will come to the post, representing four States only."

"What States will come together, and what are the names of the horses? For, I must confess," says Mark, "that I've heard of only two—Kentucky and Virginia—and my wife says that one or the other of those States must win. But I'll know more about it if you'll give me an old-fashioned 'tip,' Bony; for women's 'tips' are no good, as they are controlled altogether by feeling."

"That's so, Mark. But how long have you been married?"

"Only three days, Bony, and I want to start off a winner."

"Unless I'm awfully mistaken, Mark, you shall get the winner. But, first of all, I'll tell you and Major Watson what is going to start. Kentucky is here, with Harper's bay colt, by imported Yorkshire out of Blinky; then Tennessee comes, with Cheatham's bay colt Bill Cheatham, by imported Albion out of Berry's dam; and W. H. Gibbons of New Jersey has the bay filly Gold Leaf, by Trojan out of Gold Pin."

"She is the winner," shouted Major Watson.

"Well, gentlemen," says Mark. "I've very unpleasant recollections about Gold Pin, which would take too long to tell; but I'll bet a hundred against fifty three times that her filly don't win."

"I'll take that;" and, so saying, the Major put up $150 in Bony Young's hand, which was immediately covered with $300 by Mark.

"Don't get excited, gentlemen, for there are a couple of good ones left, and I think one of those two will win the race. There is Belcher & Cabell's bay colt, by Childe Harold out of a Glencoe mare; and right here is Nina's colt by Revenue. Now, these two battle for Virginia, and this one will win the race as sure as there is little apples. Bring him here, boy."

After this speech of confidence in the horse he trained, Bony assisted in taking the blanket off, and there stood the chesnut champion, as graceful as his dam, with his handsome form and intelligent countenance, having all the characteristics of Nina, with his sire's strength and grace.

"That's enough!" cried Mark, "I'll go you two hundred even, Major, just for a flyer, that this colt wins the race."

"I will have to capture this crumb of comfort," says James Watson, suiting the action to the word, and Bony was again made stakeholder.

Then the Major and Mark walked over near the "booth," where Del Raine was selling pools somewhat similar to what are called auction-pools now, and here Mark invested $500 more, buying Nina's colt every time, while his friend the Major bought Gold Leaf.

When the hour for starting arrived, the five came to the score, and, getting the word, four of them were off like a cannon-ball; but Nina's colt was slow in getting to his work, and lagged behind considerable. After passing the half-mile post, he began to fill up the gap, by swiftly creeping up to the leaders, passing them one by one, until he headed the almost certain one, and went under the string, winning the first heat in the then remarkably fast time of 1:47¾. Kentucky's Hemp-land was second, Bill Cheatham third, Gold Leaf fourth, and Belcher last. Now Dowell's colt became favorite against the field. While Mark, in conjunction with the Virginians generally, backed the son of Nina, there were many who still had faith in their respective champions pulling through, and there seemed to be no end to betting; and, even on the stand, the ladies stood by their favorites, and put up their sugar like men. When time was called for the second heat, the five horses showed up as fine as silk, and, although Bony Young said: "It is a certainty for our colt," there were some old-timers who thought a little hedging would do no harm, and accordingly placed their money where they thought it would do the most good. The word being given, they started as before, with Tennessee in the lead, and the Nina colt in the extreme rear, which position he held until rounding the turn coming into the homestretch, when all of a sudden he shot forward like a planet, and, passing his competitors in quick succession, gained the lead, which brought forth a shout from the Virginians such as had not been heard since the day Nina waxed Red Eye, and passed under the string like a bolt in 1:48, Hempland second, Gold Leaf third, Bill Cheatham fourth, and Belcher distanced.

The stake was worth $7,500—a pretty good beginning for a youngster—and he was immediately christened Planet, which name he was entitled to as he was the best horse of his times, for out of thirty-five races run by him he won thirty-one; and no horse ever beat him in the four races he lost without being immediately challenged by Major Doswell to repeat the race for any sum, however large or small. He was matched only three times, the first of which was against Hennie Farrow at Charleston for $5,000, two-mile heats. The race came off on Feb. 12, 1859, and he won with ease in 3:47, 3:48. Again, after winning the Planet Stake, worth $4,250, in New Orleans, on April 1, 1859, four-mile heats, in 7:36¼, 7:45¾, he was entered in the Crescent City Stake, two-mile heats, two days afterwards, and was beaten by the celebrated Daniel Boone. The latter was instantly challenged to run four miles and repeat, Planet's friends offering to bet $20,000 to $15,000 if the race took place at Ashland, Va.; or $20,000 even if run at Charleston, S. C.; but it never came off, although through no fault of Major Doswell. His last challenge came from the owners of Lord Clyde, in the Summer of 1863, to run four-mile heats over the Newmarket course, Petersburg, Va., for $10,000, half forfeit. On the 24th of Nov., 1863, the race was to come off; and, Planet coming to the score in fine condition, Lord Clyde paid forfeit.

This was the horse whose first race sent Mr. Mark Lewis and bride home to Georgia in fine spirits, where they are now spending the Summer of their days in happiness and plenty, and where Mark is always glad to renew old acquaintances and talk about the olden days, when he guessed the winner and "beat the spout."

SPERRY.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

IN THE PRIVATE BOX.

Our friends will readily recognize the young bloods who occupy the private box, and who have come to see the entertainment and make a night of it. They are the scions of a noble house, but are just now sowing their wild oats, forgetting that there is a time when the reaper will come and gather them in. We have invited them here to witness a variety entertainment, of which style of amusement the young fellers are great admirers. In some establishments, these gentlemen are permitted to see the dancers and singers in the wine-room, where they spend their parents' money with a recklessness which comes of inheriting the filthy lucre instead of earning it "by the sweat of the brow," etc.; but no such familiarity is permitted at our house, as our friends very well know. We have prepared an unusually attractive bill for the entertainment of our patrons on this occasion, and among the extraordinary features of the programme is included a troupe of dancing girls from the East Indies, whom our agent secured when he was accompanying the Prince of Wales in that far-away Eastern clime. We had to pay them ten thousand dollars in gold before they would come to terms; the girls know as much about money as they do about dancing, and they drive a hard bargain; but we gave our agent orders to secure them at all hazards, without regard to expense. So we now have the great pleasure of introducing, for the first time in America, the great troupe. (*Ting-a-ling.*)

SEEING THE SHOW.

Many of these girls, you will observe, are extremely delicate in their persons, soft in feature, and symmetrical in form; they are dedicated in childhood to their profession. Their motions are more to express, with the song or music, love, hope, jealousy, and other passions. All these dancing girls are scantily attired, and their persons are redolent of perfume. They scent their long black hair with oil of cloves, attar of roses, and the like, and they frequently wear strongly scented flowers. They are permitted to eat meat of every kind, except beef; they may even drink of spirituous liquors, and they frequently have accompanied Asiatic armies to the field. No ceremony or festival of any kind is considered complete without their presence, and every great temple has its own set of dancers attached to it. There were a hundred of these girls in Conjeveram in 1800. Their most graceful measure is one called "The Kite Dance," the air for which is slow, and to which they imitate the gestures of a person flying a kite. The attitudes incident to this are favorable to Oriental grace, while the upward direction of the eyes displays the finest features of the girls to the best advantage. You will thank us for our liberality in securing these dancers, no doubt. You can easily distinguish these girls from the blondes imported into this country a few years ago, by the dark complexion and the total absence of stockings. (*Enthusiastic applause.*) The fatigue caused by the efforts necessary to give life and reality to the dance must preclude a repetition of the act, which has never before been introduced into this country.

THE FLYING DANCERS OF THE EAST.

THE JOHN-STREET THEATRE, NEW YORK, IN 1797.

J. Cooke of Harlem sends us an advertisement cut from *The New York Argus* of Monday, March 13, 1797, a copy of which is annexed. Mr. Hodgkinson died of yellow fever in Washington, D. C., Sept. 12, 1805; John E. Martin died in New York April 18, 1807; Mr. Crosby was Sir Richard Crosby, an Irish Baronet, who first played under the name of Richards—he returned to England, and died there in 1806. Joseph Tyler died in this city Jan. 26, 1823; Lewis Hallam Jr. died in Philadelphia Nov. 1, 1808; John Johnson died here Oct. 28, 1816; Stephen Woods died in this city June 14, 1799; Joseph Jefferson, the first American actor of that name, died in Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 6, 1832; Mrs. Hodgkinson died in this city in September, 1803; Mrs. J. Johnson died at Whitestone, L. I., June 16, 1830; Miss Arabella Brett died in this city in September, 1803, and in that year Mrs. Brett retired from the stage. She was also the mother of Mrs. Hodgkinson, who died a few days after Miss Brett.

THEATRE.
BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.
THIS EVENING, 13TH INSTANT,
will be presented an historical play called
THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS, OR THE PATRIOT CITIZENS.

Eustache De St. Pierre	Mr. Hodgkinson
Ribbemont	Johnny
John De Vine (Governor of Calais)	Mr. Crosby
O'Carroll	Mr. Tyler
King Edward III.	Sir Walter Manny, Mr. Woods
	Mr. Hallam Jr.
Gallows-maker	Mr. Johnson
Citizens	Messrs. Munto, Macgrath, etc.
La Glorie	Mr. Jefferson
Queen Phillippa	Mrs. Tyler
Madelon	Mrs. Hodgkinson
Julia	Miss Johnson

In act second, a Procession and Ode. Vocal parts by Jeff. Tyler, Collins, Munto, Macgrath, Miss Brett, Mrs. Munto, Miss Harding, Mrs. Brett, Mrs. Seymour, etc., etc. To which will be added an entertainment (never performed here) called

THE NEW YORK BALLOON, OR A MOGUL TALE.
Localized from the celebrated farce of Mrs. Inchbald by the manager of the theatre, Philadelphia, and by him presented to the managers of the New York Theatre.

In Act 2 will be presented a VIEW OF THE BALLOON in its passage and after its descent.

Johnny Atkins (the Cobbler)	Mr. Hodgkinson
Doctor Phlogiston	Mr. Johnson
Omar (Captain of the Guard)	Mr. Martin
Mustapha	Mr. Munto
Selim	Mr. Miller
Guards, etc	Messrs. Woods, Roberts, etc
Great Mogul	Mr. Tyler
Sheba	Miss Brett
Zaphira	Mrs. Seymour
Irene	Mrs. Munto
Fanny (the Cobbler's wife, with a song)	Mrs. Hodgkinson

The doors will be open at quarter after, five, and the curtain drawn up at half after six o'clock.

Box, 8s.; pit, 6s.; gallery, 4s.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

FATHER'S KISS.

The young lady set down on the programme to sing this new and touching ballad was left an orphan at an early age; but, as she gave evidence of taste for music, a few church-members sent her to Italy to study the lyric art. She has but recently returned, and this is her first appearance since she again set foot upon her native soil. She has developed into a beautiful girl, and Paul Bland has been sought in marriage by sixteen wealthy noblemen of Europe; but she prefers to cast her lot in life with one of nature's noblemen, who is now serving in our regular army in the Black Hills. (*Ting-a-ling.*)

LEONA LYNN,
The Young American Cantatrice.

Father's Kiss.
BY ANNIE PHILLIPS.

Though love has blest'd me with her smile,
My life an endless bliss,
The sweetest, tend'rest joy the while
Is my dear father's kiss.
A mother's gentle, angel face
Dwelt with the stars above,
But mother, sister, brother, all,
Was in my father's love.
He smiled, though tears bedimmed his eyes,
He bless'd me, only this;
And, bending down, he gave to me
My heritage—a kiss.

Oh, never time can be so long
To dim a scene like this;
'Tis worthy of an angel's song,
The 'membrance of that kiss.
Another heart would share my love,
Another claim my hand,
But two loves nestled in my heart,
Bound with a golden band.
No brighter ray in heaven above,
No fonder joy than this,
As, bending down, he gave to me
My heritage—a kiss.

He plucked the white rose from its stem
That grew outside our door,
And twined it in my waving hair
As lover might before;
He smiled, though tears bedimmed his eyes,
He blessed me, only this;
And as the twilight softly closed
He sealed it with his kiss.
Oh, blessed eve, so long ago,
Fresh in its purer bliss,
When father's love was fully told
In that sweet, silent kiss.

CHARLEY BACKUS' MINSTRELS IN MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, IN 1855.

An old professional contributes a bill of the above-named troupe, and we print a copy of it. Lola Montez died in this city Jan. 17, 1861; S. C. Campbell died in Chicago, Ill., Nov. 26, 1874; Jerry Bryant died in this city April 8, 1861; W. M. Barker died in this city June 14, 1879; Joseph Jefferson, Backus is comanager of Birch, Wambold & Backus' San Francisco Minstrels, now on a tour of the country; D. F. Boley was drowned off the Cape of Good Hope in 1862; Neil Bryant is living in this city in temporary retirement; Geo. Coppin is now one of the managers of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne.

GRAND GALA NIGHT—COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO THE BACKUS MINSTRELS,
under the patronage of J. M. Tarleton, Esq., U. S. Consul. On which occasion
MADAME LOLA MONTEZ
and troupe have kindly volunteered.
THE MINSTRELS
will introduce a selected repertoire of their most pleasing songs, choruses, dances and burlesques.
MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24, 1855,
the performances will commence with the petite comedy of
THE ETON BOY.

Fanny Currie	Madame Lola Montez
Tom Currie	
Capt. Popham	Mr. Folland
Colonel Currie	Mr. Leslie
Mr. Dabster	Mr. Jackson
Sally Potts	Mrs. Crosby

BACKUS MINSTRELS.
PROGRAMME—PART FIRST.

Overture—Instrumental	Backus Minstrels
Opening Chorus—Operatic	Company
Colored Orphan Boy	S. C. Campbell
The Darkies' Holiday	Jerry Bryant
Emma Gray	W. M. Barker
Nancy Tease	C. Backus
Phantom Chorus	Company
Sugar-cane Green	D. F. Boley
We Come from the Hills	Company
Quickstep	Full Band

EL OLLE.
BY MADAME LOLA MONTEZ.
PART SECOND.

Favorite Ballad	S. C. Campbell
Banjo-solo and song	D. F. Boley
Challenge Dance	Burbank and Bryant
Hungarian Warblers (Burlesque),	
	Boley, Campbell, Bryant and Backus
Flutina Solo (Favorite Air)	Burbank and Company
Burlesque Mesmerism	Burbank and Company
Vocal Duet	Barker and Company
Burlesque scene from HAMLET.	
Hamlet	O. N. Burbank
Ghost	D. F. Boley
Polonius	Jerry Bryant
Queen Gertrude	C. Backus

To conclude with
SPIDER DANCE.
MADAME LOLA MONTEZ.

THE CHINESE FIDDLE.

In a recent business trip to Hong Kong, China, our representative was introduced to a phenomenon in the form of a Chinese clown—a musical clown, by-the-bye—whose performances upon the attenuated fiddle so enraptured our that he made a very liberal proposition to the gentleman to come to this country in a professional capacity. Our offer was so very liberal that he closed at once with it, and arrived by the last overland steamer. (*Ting-a-ling.*)

HI SING—MARVEL OF THE CENTURY.

You will please observe the strictest neutrality while he executes "The Carnival of Venice," on one long string, on the Chinese fiddle. To add to the novelty of the performance, he balances himself on a ten-foot pole while he "acts on the violin." No other performer ever attempted such a feat. To the merry strains of Hi Sing's fiddle, Senor Castarillo, the great Spanish Tranca-ist, will now appear for the first time in New York, and introduce his great act of

The Dancing Barrel.

This feat was first performed in public when W. M. Tweed, Esq., resided in the everglades of Florida. It was invented specially for his own amusement, and so well pleased was the gentleman—who was sojourning in that beautiful country for the benefit of his health—that he presented Castarillo with five thousand Spanish pistoles in token of his admiration and esteem. The pistoles can be seen at the residence of the Senor, 41144 Rue de Lexington. Bismarck tried to engage these two "figurantes" to play before Emperor William, but they declined, owing to having signed with us.

THE GREAT CASTARILLO.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS--CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XVII.

THE ORIGIN OF MINSTRELSY:
Dan Emmett's History of the Wanderings of the First Troupe.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 1, 1877.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER: My attention has been drawn to a letter written by Mr. Lance Durand (as we used to call him), and published in THE CLIPPER, in which he claims that E. P. Christy originated the first minstrel troupe in the United States. I should not now take any notice of Mr. Durand's communication, were it not for the claims of my dead companions of the original troupe.

This is what I know of the claims of E. P. Christy. After the Virginia Minstrels had left for England there were organizations of a kindred character springing up in and around New York City. The performances of some of these were witnessed, if not participated in, by Mr. Enam Dickinson, and what I am now about to quote was repeatedly told me by him:

"I happened to be in Buffalo, and chance led me to Christy's dance-house. Ned Christy asked me if I had seen any of 'these new-fashioned nigger shows.' I told him that I had, and he then proposed that I should train his dancers and fiddlers so that they could give a performance similar to those I had witnessed. I accepted his offer, and perfected them."

Now, Mr. Editor, if this was prior to 1843, would not Mr. Dickinson have told me so? He had ample opportunity to do so, as I afterwards traveled with him for two years with Spaulding's Circus.

As regards Mr. Durand, I was with him for nearly a year in Spaulding & Rogers' Circus, and he did not once allude to E. P. Christy's having organized a band prior to 1843, although he spoke of having traveled with him with a room-show and dancing-party. Mr. Cool White was with Spaulding & Rogers' Circus at the same time that I was; and if Mr. Durand had disputed my claims, Mr. White (who is now, I believe, in New York) would be very apt to recollect that circumstance.

What Mr. Christy really claimed on his bills was simply this, and no more: "*The first to harmonize and originate the* PRESENT STYLE *of minstrelsy*"—meaning thereby the singing in harmony and introducing the various acts, together with wench-dancing and solo-playing. If he had ever claimed to have started the first minstrel troupe that could give a whole performance, without the aid of any other attraction, Mr. J. B. Donniker, who was his leader for years, would most certainly have heard him mention it. I respectfully refer this point to Mr. Donniker.

Allow me, in conclusion, to state most emphatically that I write this not on my own account, but to vindicate the claims of those who have gone to another world.

Yours respectfully, DANIEL D. EMMETT,
Leader of the Virginia Minstrels.

As explained at the time, our purpose in publishing Mr. Durand's notes was to ascertain, more especially from parties in Buffalo, precisely what kind of a band E. P. Christy was manager of in 1842. Privately among minstrels, Mr. Christy probably claimed no more than Mr. Emmett asserts of him; but *publicly* he seemed to claim far more. At the head of his bills and advertisements for many years, while he was at 472 Broadway, was this legend: "Christy's Minstrels—Organized in 1842." To a well-known comedian he gave a copy of the alleged yearly receipts of his troupe from 1842 (inclusive) forward, yet there has never been much doubt in our mind that the first year's receipts were those of his dance-house in Buffalo.

Regretting that his complete history of the band was lost during the great fire in Chicago, Mr. Emmett kindly furnishes us some interesting notes relative to the organization and travels of the Virginia Minstrels.

The four persons comprising the first "Nigga Band," as they were then called, were Richard W. Pelham, Francis M. Brower, William Whitlock, and Daniel D. Emmett, all negro performers of note before chance brought them together in New York City in the Winter of 1842-3. All four were one day sitting in the North American Hotel, in the Bowery, when one of them proposed that with their instruments they should cross over to the Bowery Circus and give one of the proprietors (Uncle Nate Howes) a "charivari" as he sat by the stove in the hall entrance. Bringing forth his banjo for Whitlock to play on, Emmett took the violin, Pelham the tambourine, and Brower the bones. Without any rehearsal, with hardly the ghost of an idea as to what was to follow, they crossed the street and proceeded to "browbeat" Uncle Nate Howes into giving them an engagement, the calculation being that he would succumb in preference to standing the horrible noise (for they attempted no tune) they were making with their instruments. After standing it for a while, Uncle Nate said:

"Boys, you've got a good thing. Can't you sing us a song?"

Thereupon Emmett, accompanying himself on his violin, began to sing "Old Dan Tucker," the others joining in the chorus. The four minstrels were as much surprised at the result as was Uncle Nate. After singing some more songs for him, they returned to the North American, where they resumed their "horrible noise" in the reading-room, which was quickly filled with spectators. At this time Pelham was billed for a benefit at the Chatham Theatre. It was to come off the next day, and Whitlock, Brower and Emmett agreed to play for him. It was too late to make an announcement of the fact, as Pelham already had his bills out. They rehearsed a few songs in Emmett's room, and appeared at the benefit, where they were received with great applause, subsequently becoming the talk of the city. A few days afterwards they appeared at the Amphitheatre, or Bowery Circus, for the benefit of John Tryon, who was in fact manager of the place, he having hired Howes' company. As a reward, Tryon gave the party four outlandish negro cuts he had made, representing each performer in character. About this time the proprietor of the Cornucopia, next door to the Park Theatre, prevailed on the party to appear in his saloon nightly, in conjunction with the jig-dancer Juba, which they accordingly diverted from the Park Theatre a certain class of its patrons, and Gen. Rufus Welch, whose circus was then occupying that theatre, was forced to engage them on their own terms. Diamond did not go to the Park with them, as both Pelham and Brower were dancers, and would brook no opposition. The Virginia Minstrels were as happy and independent as other minstrels have been since; and when their engagement at the Park Theatre closed, they were without a cent.

S. B. Howes and the late Avery Smith were about to take a circus to the Boston Theatre. It was the ambition of the minstrels to go along, and they offered to do so for ten dollars apiece. Howes declined in these very words:

"Wait until you get there, and you will be glad to work for eight!"

However, George Wooldridge ("Tom Quick" of *The Leader*, and since dead) joined the mimic "mokes" as agent, took them to Boston, and opened with them at the Tremont Temple. Emmett was the possessor of a fine lot of woodcuts illustrating the subjects of his banjo-songs, and these he printed for advertising service in Boston. The Virginia Minstrels were a success at the Tremont, but the circus had to leave town after losing money from the start. The quartet were now gradually improving in their performances, which consisted (as the bills read) of "songs composed expressly for the minstrels by their leader, Old Dan Emmett, in banjo-solos and duets, tambourine and bone solos, jig, reel and triad dancing, "Dinah's Serenade," and "Locomotive Lecture." When they varied the bill, they would begin at the "Locomotive Lecture" and go backwards. They remained in Boston for three weeks, "when (quoting Mr. Emmett's words), to get them out of his way and out of the country, Smith prevailed on the party to go to England and starve!"

Leaving Boston, they returned to New York, took a benefit at the Park Theatre, and sailed for Liverpool in the packet-ship New York. The entire capital of the party when they started was five dollars. On the voyage a frivolous quarrel caused a sensation, Brower and Pelham sticking together, while Whitlock clung to Pelham Emmett's side. A song of "Dandy Jim" was the means of speedily bringing the four into harmony again. During the voyage, a German with a fondness for poker had an hour's sitting with Pelham, who won all his money; and, relying upon this unexpectedly acquired wealth, the party were in no hurry to begin operations after reaching Liverpool, especially as all had heavy colds. They put up at the Bear Tavern, where, unknown to Whitlock, Brower and Emmett, a German from Charleston, S. C., beat Pelham out of all his winnings from the Tenson aboard ship. This forced the minstrels to go to work, and they opened at Concert Hall. Unable to get the house for more than one night at a time, they made just money enough to transport them to Manchester, where they appeared at Sloan's Theatre. Thence they went to London, appearing at the Adelphi

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, May 14.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnold, Ella
Burton, May (3)
Berrell, Mrs. Mary L.
Bagsom, Laura
Belmont, Miss L. 10c.
Brevoort, Kate
Boshell, Carrie
Beaumont, Nellie
Claire Sisters
Conway, Jane
Claire, Maggie (of Claire Sist.)
Claxton's Agent, Lie
Cole, Lena
Carlton, Mrs. Charlotte, care
De Granville, Millie
De Vere, Ida
Drayton, Allie
Dare, Leona
Exod, Hazel
Forrest, Jane
Ethel, Katie 'Lou'
Emmerson, Dollie
Fisk, May
Fobi, Mrs. E.
Ferrara, Marie (2)
Fairmont, Belle (vocalist)
Fox, Annie
Graham, Lillie
Gilmore, Fanny
Goss, Mrs. J. (2)
Gray, Ada (p. o. mark Canada)
Howard, Mrs. G.
Herbert, Emilie
Hindle, Annie
Herrmann, Mrs. A.
Heywood, Nellie (of Templeton's Co.)
Hogan, Julia
Hassin, Lena (2)
Irwin Sisters
Jackson, Minnie
Kellogg, Alice
Lindsay, Jennie
Lingard, Alice D.
Lucille, Fannie
Lee, Lizzie
Lang, Ione
Lee, Rosa 10c.
Le Roy, Lizzie
Lewis, Fatima
Lawrence, Emma (trapezist)
Merritt, Rosa
Morelli, Fannie (of Soldene's Co.)
Mitchell, Maggie
Markley, Emma
Pauline (2)
Maxwell, Kate 20c.
Morton, Lina
Mayo, Ella
Morris, Ida
Morgan, Anna
Morton, Mrs. J. M.
Miller, Mrs. A.
Norris, Mrs. Chas.
Newton, Eliza (3)
Ondina, Mlle.
Pleris, Nellie
Phillips, Emma F.
Parker, Georgie
Putnam, Katie E
Pyne, Millie
Parre, Eugenie (of J. Coombs' Co. 3c. Prestige, Fannie
Price, Fannie B.
Pratt, Mrs. Chas. E.
Richmond Sisters
Rowe, Bertha
Robertson, Minnie
Rankin, Mrs. Mc Kee
Robinson, Mrs. Jno.
Ransom, Alice (2)
Russell Sisters
Robinson, Mrs. Harry
Russell, Lottie
Sprnelli, May
Stella, Miss R.
Stickney, Miss B.
St. John, Nellie
Siddons, Miss F.
Schott, "Angie"
Savory, Ida
Turnour, Mrs. Hepsey
Templeton, "Fay"
Van Zandt, Inez
Williams, Mollie
Wilson, Mrs. Clara K.
Whalley, Mrs. W. H.
Wesner, Ella
Wheeler, Lizzie Jane
Wood, Fannie
Weber, Lisa
Willis, May
Wilson, Lizzie
Warren, "Susie"
Yeomans, Jennie
Zephy, Millie (4)
Zoerner, Anna

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adams, "Tommy"
Armstrong, A. (2)
Ainsley, "Ned"
Anderson, A. S.
Alterage, J.
Adair, Thos. J. 21c.
Andre, A. E.
Alfredo, Louis
Anderson, John H.
Aiken, Geo.
Ames, Emile
Arizona, Chas.
Barlow, J. A.
Bishop, J. P.
Baldwin, Ed. (gymnast)
Barnes, Lucien
Baugh, Mr. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Burgess, "Cool"
Blanchett, C. E. (2)
Barry, J. (the "Dave" manHippodrom")
Byron, O. Doud (2)
Blair, G. W.
Bishop, Alfred H.
Burgess, "Nell"
Byron's Combination
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Cook, Harry
Colasetti, The Bryant, "Billy"
Bush, I. T.
Clark, J. Mills
Collins, "Billy"
Cohan, "Jerry"
Callender, Chas.
Casim, Jas.
Cook, Harry (spiritualist")
Cassidy, G. H.
Costuma, D. A.
"Capt. Jack"
Clark, "Bobby"
Corvella, Robt.
Coleman & Wells
Clifton, F. R.
Capon, Victor
Crusen, C. J.
Cannon, Pete
Combes, J.
Conyers, F. M.
Clark, Geo. M. or Robt.
Carlisle & Caverly
Chaffee, Geo.
Cheevers & Kennedy
Carrigan & Hart (negro "biz")
Crossville, J.
Courtney, Billy"
Carter, Chas.
Crane, "Chuck"
Dupree, Jno. H.
Dobson, Frank
Dixon, Henry
Delehanty, W. H.
Donz, M. (of Howe's Cir.) 10c.
Delano, Jr., Sepp"
Douglas, J. T.
Diamond, Chas.
Davis, Frank
Dumont, Frank
Emmett, W. (manager)
Eldridge, Preston W.
Eakins, T. or F.
Eldridge, F. (late of Reading, Pa.)
Edwards, W. F. (theatrical "biz")
Fox repaugh, Jno. 3c.
Fontaine, Wm.
Fish, Chas. H.
Florance, W. J.
Felton, F. L.
Fiske, J.
Forepaugh, Jno. A.
Forepaugh, W. R.
Fillman, Chas.
Fletcher, (of Slocum's Co.)
Forbes, Chas. 6c.
France, S. C.
French, Edwin
Fortescue, Geo. K
Gotthold, E. M.
Gutzmer, H. S.
Given, Sam. F.
Gorman, E. F.
Gaffney, Andrew
Ginbone, F. ("carnival king")
Granger & Warbold, T. 4c.
Golden, "Dick" (of Golden & Dixey)
Gardner, Chas. (Dutch "biz")
Griffin, Master
Gildersleeve, Jno. P.
Heywood, Nellie (of Templeton's Co.)
Hogan, Julia
Hassin, Lena (2)
Irwin Sisters
Jackson, Minnie
Kellogg, Alice
Lindsay, Jennie
Lingard, Alice D.
Lucille, Fannie
Lee, Lizzie
Lang, Ione
Lee, Rosa 10c.
Le Roy, Lizzie
Lewis, Fatima
Lawrence, Emma (trapezist)
Merritt, Rosa
Morelli, Fannie (of Soldene's Co.)
Mitchell, Maggie
Markley, Emma
Pauline (2)
Maxwell, Kate 20c.
Morton, Lina
Mayo, Ella
Morris, Ida
Morgan, Anna
Morton, Mrs. J. M.
Miller, Mrs. A.
Norris, Mrs. Chas.
Newton, Eliza (3)
Ondina, Mlle.
Pleris, Nellie
Phillips, Emma F.
Parker, Georgie
Putnam, Katie E
Pyne, Millie
Parre, Eugenie (of J. Coombs' Co. 3c. Prestige, Fannie
Price, Fannie B.
Pratt, Mrs. Chas. E.
Richmond Sisters
Rowe, Bertha
Robertson, Minnie
Rankin, Mrs. Mc Kee
Robinson, Mrs. Jno.
Ransom, Alice (2)
Russell Sisters
Robinson, Mrs. Harry
Russell, Lottie
Spinelli, May
Stella, Miss R.
Stickney, Miss B.
St. John, Nellie
Siddons, Miss F.
Schott, "Angie"
Savory, Ida
Turnour, Mrs. Hepsey
Templeton, "Fay"
Van Zandt, Inez
Williams, Mollie
Wilson, Mrs. Clara K.
Whalley, Mrs. W. H.
Wesner, Ella
Wheeler, Lizzie Jane
Wood, Fannie
Weber, Lisa
Willis, May
Wilson, Lizzie
Warren, "Susie"
Yeomans, Jennie
Zephy, Millie (4)
Zoerner, Anna

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adams, "Tommy"
Armstrong, A. (2)
Ainsley, "Ned"
Anderson, A. S.
Alterage, J.
Adair, Thos. J. 21c.
Andre, A. E.
Alfredo, Louis
Anderson, John H.
Aiken, Geo.
Ames, Emile
Arizona, Chas.
Barlow, J. A.
Bishop, J. P.
Baldwin, Ed. (gymnast)
Barnes, Lucien
Baugh, Mr. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Burgess, "Cool"
Blanchett, C. E. (2)
Barry, J. (the "Dave" manHippodrom")
Byron, O. Doud (2)
Blair, G. W.
Bishop, J. Alfred H.
Burgess, "Nell"
Byron's Combination
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Cook, Harry
Colasetti, The Bryant, "Billy"
Bush, I. T.
Clark, J. Mills
Collins, "Billy"
Cohan, "Jerry"
Callender, Chas.
Casim, Jas.
Cook, Harry (spiritualist")
Cassidy, G. H.
Costuma, D. A.
"Capt. Jack"
Clark, "Bobby"
Corvella, Robt.
Coleman & Wells
Clifton, F. R.
Capon, Victor
Crusen, C. J.
Cannon, Pete
Combes, J.
Conyers, F. M.
Clark, Geo. M. or Robt.
Carlisle & Caverly
Chaffee, Geo.
Cheevers & Kennedy
Carrigan & Hart (negro "biz")
Crossville, J.
Courtney, Billy"
Carter, Chas.
Crane, "Chuck"
Dupree, Jno. H.
Dobson, Frank
Dixon, Henry
Delehanty, W. H.
Donz, M. (of Howe's Cir.) 10c.
Delano, Jr., Sepp"
Douglas, J. T.
Diamond, Chas.
Davis, Frank
Dumont, Frank
Emmett, W. (manager)
Eldridge, Preston W.
Eakins, T. or F.
Eldridge, F. (late of Reading, Pa.)
Edwards, W. F. (theatrical "biz")
Fox repaugh, Jno. 3c.
Fontaine, Wm.
Fish, Chas. H.
Florance, W. J.
Felton, F. L.
Fiske, J.
Forepaugh, Jno. A.
Forepaugh, W. R.
Fillman, Chas.
Fletcher, (of Slocum's Co.)
Forbes, Chas. 6c.
France, S. C.
French, Edwin
Fortescue, Geo. K
Gotthold, E. M.
Gutzmer, H. S.
Given, Sam. F.
Gorman, E. F.
Gaffney, Andrew
Ginbone, F. ("carnival king")
Granger & Warbold, T. 4c.
Golden, "Dick" (of Golden & Dixey)
Gardner, Chas. (Dutch "biz")
Griffin, Master
Gildersleeve, Jno. P.
Grundy, Thos.
Girard Bros.
Hill, G. A.
Healy, J. R.
Houghton, Harry
Hennessey, Jas.
Howe, "Den"
Heinrich, Ferd.
Hall, Geo. A. (cloggist)
Hennessey, F. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Hine, Walter
Hyland, Chas. F.
Heywood Bros.
Hennessey, J. W.
Henshaw, T. W.
Hodges, B. F.
Hicks, J. (of "National" Cir.)
Huff, A. ("Dave")
Hurtt, H. H.
Hatch, C. A.
Harwood, W. E.
Henry, H.
Harris, B. (of "Ten Jubilee" Co.)
Henderson, C. W.
Hamilton, J. W. (circus "biz")
Hodgkins, John
Hodgson, Ed. (Dutch "biz")
Height, "Bob"
Hall, Mills
Hill, Robt. S. 3c
Heeney, Ed.
Heywood, Geo.
Harper & Stansill
Hardell, Mr.
Irwin, Seiden
Ianoid, Chas. F.
Johnson, W. (clown)
Kent, Frank
Knight, F. W.
"King Sarbo"
Kelly & Ryan
Liston, Hudson
Ledwith, Michael
Long, John
Lee, Clair, "Shed" (2)
Leach, John C.
Ledwith, Michael
Levino, Ralph
Laurey, S. W.
Lent, C. M.
Levy, Mr. (cornetist)
Lauson, Mr. (of Soldene's Co.) (2)
Lucca, A. & Emma
Leopold, Ed.
Little, Chas.
Lonsdale, H. B.
Lyle, W. E.
Lewis, H. (of Agnes Wallace's Co.)
Lloyd, H. T.
Leavitt, M. B. (2)
Lord, "Charlie" (2)
La Rhodo, M.
Marsden, Fred. (author)
Manning, Jno.
Mallon, And. A.
Miles, Alf. (2)
McSorley, P. E.
McCall, D. J.
Mordaunt, Frank
Millson, W. (of Lasselle & Millson)
Mortimer, F. (of Lucia Oberto)
Murphy, J. (of Dup. & Ben Minst.)
Marteenet, Jno.
Messenger, Jas.
Miaco, F. E.
Mulvey, Jno. (variety "biz")
McKenna, J.
Mortimer, H. J.
Mishler, Jno. D.
Martins, Harry & Minnie
Martin, "Sam" (2)
Maffin, A. W.
Merritt, Jas. H.
Murray, G. L.
McDonald, Jas. (p. o. m. E. Indies)
Mack, J. (Golden & Mack)
"M. L. P."
Martin, Jake
Moore, G. W. (4)
McGloin, "Pete"
Miller, P. (p. o. m. Sarnia, C. W.)
Morton, "Will" H.
Mansur, L. H.
Noyes, Frank
Neary, Jas.
Nourmton, A. (of Yarmouth, Eng.)
Nail, John M.
Nugent, J. E.
Newcomb, "Bobby" (2)
Noyes, Aubrey C.
Nail, Abe M. (2)
Owens, Jno. E.
Osborn, H. ("fire-king")
O'Brien, "Teddie"
Orrin, G. W.
O'Brien, John (circus "biz")
Pettite, Chas. W.
Pace, John
Petrie & Fish
Perry, O. P.
Powell, E.
Peyser, J. ("Dave")
Plaisted, F. A.
Pollard, J.
Parks, J.
Roberts, N. D.
Rees, D. H.
Robison, W. B.
Rogers, Dick"
Richards, August
Rooney, "Pat"
Robinson, "Yankee"
Ryan, T. J. (of Kelly & Ryan)
Raymond, C. P. (agent)
Robinson, W. B. ("Swiss B. R.")
Raymond, J. T.
Rose, F. Oakes
Roberts, Ed. C. Co. (clog-makers)
Renolds, J. W. (springster)
Rowe, Geo. F.
Rupert, Edwin
Riches, Jno. (of Camdge, Eng.)3c.
Ritchie, Fred. (Dutch "biz")
Rickard, Harry
Stanley, Ernest
Smith, T. C.
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Simmones, Geo. W.
Sexton, Wm.
Smith, Henry (leader)
Scott, Rufus
Sauter, F. Hc.
Stetson, E. T.
Stubbs, Stokes
Scott, A. B
Singleton, Prof. ("Fun&Jd.""biz")
Sadler, W. H.
Stickney, Robt.
Sherman, C. (of HeywoodBros'Co.)
Stowe, "Will" H.
Stull, Henry 18c.
Strakosch, Maurice
Seymour, Wm. H.
Seymour, O. T.
Scott, L. B.
Schaefer, Jacob
Searle, Cyril
Smith, Richard
Tracy, "Dan"
Templeton, John
Tilton, Chas. H.
Tuttle, Hosea
Vanness, A. H.
Villa, S. B. (2)
Varrey, Jules
Vincent, C. A.
Wambold, "Ned"
Ward, J. (Mem.)
White, "Archie"
Wyman, J.
Wyman, Prof. ("wizard")
Webber, Harry A.
Wilson, Chas. A.
Wing, Geo.
Wood, "Willie" (guitarist)
Wiley, Chandler
Warren, T. (minst. "biz")
Western, H. (late Western & Wallingford)
White, Chas. O.
Whitmore, F. C.
Waldron, D. (of "Big 4")
Weaver, S. P.
Wells, Jno. E.
Walker, C. H.
Walters & Kelly
Washburn, E. S.
Walton, F. L.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, May 14, '77.

With the waning of the theatrical season comes the seed and harvest time of the traveling showman, whose Winter hours have been devoted to laying out his plans and his route for the Summer campaign, and making such engagements as may bring him in the largest returns, and add to his already well-earned name and reputation. Last year's business was so poor as to swamp several of the lesser proprietors of circuses, while those who controlled the larger establishments came out at the close of the season with barely sufficient to cover all expenses and save themselves from loss. One or two—Barnum, for instance—may have netted a fair margin of profit; for the great showman's name is a magnet of attraction, while his show is always of a superior character; but we very much fear that some of the other managers of mammoth circuses had to draw on their surplus bank-accounts to enable them to pull the season through without wreck or further damage. Misfortune and the Centennial were alike detrimental to the interests of the peripatetic showman last year. Montgomery Queen, who had a big show operating on the Pacific, is said to have added to his bank-credit, for the influence of the Centennial did not reach that far; and as he has a splendid and paying show in San Francisco, it is quite likely that he will again be one of the few successful ones this year. John O'Brien is also managing a large concern, and he ought to do well if there is anything at all doing. John H. Murray, the Van Amburgh show, and other concerns are still on the move, and we trust that they are doing a proper return for their energy and for the capital they have invested in their business. These gentlemen do not claim to have "baby elephants born in this country," nor do they find themselves encumbered with any other curiosity of a white-elephant character; but what they offer for public exhibition is generally of a good quality, and just what it purports to be. We have been very glad to hear of the great success which a sideshowman has met with in his travels with Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s Circus through Australia. The name of this forfeited showman is George Middleton, and he will probably return home well fixed for the future. We shall be very glad if the opportunity offers to chronicle a like success for other sideshowmen; for they work hard, are subjected to many privations, and sometimes incur the opposition of the rough element who "clean up" the ground. The sideshowman may have his little "eccentricities," and his orations may not at all times be in strict accord with facts; but at heart he is liberal, kindly disposed, and industrious. So, if he incautiously informs you, from his vantage-ground in front of his canvas, that his living skeleton weighs only fifteen pounds, that his fat woman turns the scales at nine hundred pounds, and that his Circassian girls are the only *real* Circassians in the business, it may be well to accept his statement as truth, rather than doubt it and run the risk of his resenting it. "Where there's a will there's no end.....The people of this city have been going to the dogs, the dog mania increasing instead of diminishing. At Gilmore's Garden a grand dog-show commenced on May 7, and New York rushed thereto like it was a free clam-bake in Summertime. "Our Jim" was there, and it may not be out of place to remark, as a curious coincidence, that he is now the possessor of a noble dog, which Jim says is a Newfoundland, owing to the animal having found new land under his guidance. A suspicious circumstance about the affair is that the ernestic youth keeps his prize tied up down in the cellar. .....Lotta was lively and gay in Philadelphia last week, the result of her "Heart's Ease." When other persons' *hearts cease* they die. [This is a heartless joke, made at our ease.—ED.].....Catherine Claxton is supposed to have had another narrow escape from death by fire in Woehrn's hotel. She had been registered, it is said, at the hotel for the night after the house was burned down. Had she been one night sooner, once more would she have been destroyed by the devouring element.....Well, what's the matter with the second edition of "Die Walkure?" Is the opera very naturally directs our thoughts to the unbroken English and the shattered Italian lyric drama, all of which fills us with pain and mortification in a minor mode as we give ear to the rumors

ABOUT KELLOGG.

O fascinating Clara! pray tell us, is it true
That you "shake" the English language that has done so much for you?
That voice, that seemed to *Clarify* in liquid notes the air,
No longer ours? *O Clara, Ah!* We hear it with despair!

.....John Brougham's "Shadow" was not permitted to run its course in Philadelphia. One week was allotted it, but it was proposed to double it, and thus make it two; so it became a question of double or "Quits," and "Quits" gained it. [The latter is one of the new plays lately brought forward by Miss Gilder.—ED.] No, James; although Miss *Gilder* is Mr. Raymond's latest dramatist, she had nothing to do with the "*Gildered Age*."..... Among all the missing people and mysterious disappearances, no other causes such unfeigned regret as the missing treasurer of a traveling show. .....How would it do to play "Uncle Tom on Horseback?" We have had him on foot and on hand long enough. Give the veteran a rest on the back of the fiery steed.....Might we suggest the advisability of interviewing our theatrical managers as to the relative strength and social advantages of the various members of their households? Managers are supposed to have no rights that the interviewer need respect, when public curiosity demands their development.....We cannot have a very exalted opinion of any man who will tamper with the rope that the girl who shook him is about to make an ascension upon. A man who would thus imperil a rope-dancer's life for such a little thing as that is no gentleman. Wouldn't you?..... The papers are giving publicity to the alleged fact that Miss Neilson, during her performance in San Francisco, wore a diamond valued at ten thousand dollars! We object! Attention being drawn to the lady, her appearance in this moral city must be at the risk of her being despoiled of her jewels, for there are hundreds of irreligious midnight prowlers who will lay for her, and garrote her before she can say John Robinson! We grieve over this.....The uncurrent rumor that "The Gallant 69th, under the combined direction of Harrigan & Hart, intend leaving for the seat of war to join the Russian forces under Ifsowitchie, is barren of truth. We are authorized to state that this well-drilled corps will maintain a strict neutrality so long as American interests are not jeopardized by the movements of the hostile powers. The American papers that favor the cause of the United States will please copy.....The telephone and blue glass "went up" like a rocket, and—well, they haven't come down yet.

Daly with his "Blue Glass" tried to make it sprout receipts,
But it wouldn't stand the pressure, and it knocked things all to flinders;
It raised such a hubbubble in the auditorium
That the telephonic forces blue-glass out of the windows!

.....In view of the favor with which Ole Bull's farewell concerts in New York and Philadelphia have been received, we would kindly suggest to Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer that they secure the Ole one, and take him on a tour through the old world in a farewell capacity. What do you say?.....Some time ago a manager somewhere announced that he would shortly produce a new play called "Remorse." As we have heard nothing concerning it since, is it possible that remorse could have seized that manager, and stayed his hand ere he could transplant it to the boards?.....Talking about Miss Alice Oates and her opera-bouffe, a Philadelphia paper has imbibed in the Permanent Exhibition in Philadelphia on the opening day, when Presidents and Dukes were present, and confidentially informed us that the *smell of scents* is ever gratifying to the *sense of smell*. Out of gratitude for the information we immediately sent her a Centennial ten-center! [*All* of this is comic.—ED.].....George Rignold will put the Challice to his lips this evening at Booth's Theatre. He proposes to go it "Alone." [Solution —Rignold is the name of the actor; Challice is the character he assumes; and the play is the title of the play. We do not believe there is another funny writer in the country that takes the pains we do to make jokes fresh and clear.—ED.].....Although Miss Neilson shows this week in the "Cymbeline," it must not be imagined that she appears with the "*tinkling* cymbles." This must be justice to the lady, who probably by this favor with which "My Awful Dad" continued to be received, it was withdrawn from the stage of Wallack's Theatre last week....And here it may be well to put on record the curious fact that Neilson's "Twefth Night" ended with her sixth night. We are the only comical penographist who has had gumption enough to count the nights.....It was the nicely brown at his benefit at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, May 11. Lamb was badly burnt at a *precious* roasting....."Vesta," the next novelty at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, may be a condensation of the well-known Hebraic "Full Down Your Vest," a simple idyl of the Sabbath. It may be, it may be, but it's not at all likely.....In addition to Stella Boniface, Jacques Kruger and Angeline Torrini, in "The Wonder Child," at the New Broadway Theatre, last week, some one Else appeared to advantage. [Mlle. Else is the lady's name. Else this explanation would be unnecessary.—ED.]..... Bessie Darling is not only a good actress, but a good girl as well, and we are not surprised at this when when we learn that she has a "Bishop" to direct her.....The Varieties, at Ninth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, is a favorite resort in the Summer season, because it's such a shady and pleasant place to spend an evening in. Just now

WARD'S OPERA-HOUSE, Newark, N. J., did a good business the past week. The new faces May 7 were Katie Bell, vocalist; Harry Shay, comedian; Harry Lester and Norah Wright in sketches. Departures 12: Fanny Herring, Oakes and Hughes, and Sergeant Hamilton, to New York; Trixy Vernon, to Hartford; and Mlle. Lacelle, not known. Announced for 14: Pettit and White, Haley and Weaver, Minnie Sinclair, and the Lenton Brothers. .....At the Metropolitan the new people 7 were Mlle. Martelle, vocalist, who, owing to a severe cold, closed the first night; Minnie Clyde, serio-comic; Harrington and McGlone, negro sketches; Bryant and West, musical mokes; Master Martin in "The Jim Jams;" the Seigles, fancy dancers; and Nellie St. John, vocalist. Departures 12: Mulligan and Morris, to Williamsburg; Harrington and McGlone, Minnie Clyde, and Master Martin, to New York. To arrive 14: The Carroll Family, the Levino Brothers, Niles and Evans, and Alice Gleason. Biz good.....Boisset's Summer Garden did an excellent business the past week. The fresh faces 7 were Cummings and Hines, song-and-dance; Jennie Lindsey, serio-comic; and Sam Baylis' Lilliputians. Closures 12: Cummings and Hines and Emma Rice, to New York; Sam Baylis, Buffalo, N. Y.; and Lottie Wentworth, idle. To open 14: Laura Campbell, Sherwood Sisters, Frank Gayten, Little Ardine, McDermott Sisters, and G. W. Dudley..... At the Coliseum the new appearances 7 were Addie Morrell, vocalist; Charles Vincent and Georgie Morrell, sketches; and Laura Moore, vocalist. Adelaide Miller was erroneously noticed as to open in last letter. Miss Steele did not appear. Closures 12: Chas. Vincent, Georgie Morrell, Addie Morrell, and Maggie Pearl, to New York; and Frank Emerson, to Brooklyn. To open 14: Sandford and Scott, George Hunter, Irene Kearns, Eva Girard and Maud Palmer. Good attendance during the week. Advices of May 12.

AT THE BOYLSTON MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., the amusing comedietta "Crossing the Line," with Sophie and Irene Worrell and Messrs. Howard and Scanlon in the cast, opened the bill the past week. In the olio appeared John H. Carle, Dan Leavitt, Sam Dearin, Cool Burgess, Mlle. Zitella and Ida Phillips' Classical Tableaux, the entertainment closing with J. J. Riley and Miss Lizzie Smith, supported by the company, in "Si Salem." Business large. Next (this) week, the parlor minstrel business at the Detroit variety theatres last week was very good. At the Comique, "The Black Crook" May 7 was the attraction, introducing Billy Hart, Adrienne Grey, vocalist, and Petrie and Fish, song-and-dance. Those closing 12 were Maggie Grey, Petrie and Fish, Taylor, Green and Taylor. "The Isle of Cyprus" is billed for 14.....Foster's Coliseum is now firmly established. D. L. Morris, Dutch comedian; Julia Walcott, Letha Weber, serio-comic; Morgan and Welch, Turner and Guyer, song-and-dance; and Charles Orville, trapeze, opened there 7. 12, Ada Stanwood, Frank George, Toronto; Turner and Guyer, Grand Rapids; Letha Weber, Toledo, closed. Coming 14: Eugene and Minnie Carlzewart, Harry and Minnie Martens, Harry and Mary Thompson, Mons. Florentine, Lillie Ellis, Kitty Sanford.....At Orchestrion Hall those opening 7 were Thos. and Lottie Winnett, Collins Brothers, La Verde Sisters, and Simpson Sisters, all giving satisfaction. Departures 12: Harry Kennedy, New York; Mullen and Kline, Toronto; Georgie Parker, Chicago. Arrivals 14: Gilday and Giniven and W. J. Mills.

AT SHELBY'S, Buffalo, N. Y., on May 7, the admission prices were raised some thirty per cent. for the week only on account of superior attractions. The arrivals were the Matt Morgan Novelty Troupe, Healey and Saunders, A. H. Searles and J. Ebberts, Charles E. Worley and Jennie Morgan remaining over from previous week. Business ruled nearly double that of any other week during the season. Jennie Morgan received several floral tributes. Closed 12: The Morgan Troupe, which dissolves for the present; A. H. Searles, to Pittsburg; J. Ebberts and Emma Clifford, idle; Healey and Saunders and Jennie Morgan, to Chicago; Alf Miles, Louisville. Announced for 14: Jennie Engle, Sam Baylis, Morris and Fields, the Crimmins Bros., Curry and Hall, John and May Cannon, Frank Lewis and Dody Zanfretta. The season closes June 24. Advices of May 13.

VARIETY NEWS from St. Louis, Mo., to May 11 is sent by our correspondent as follows: "Lester and Williams, who did their song-and-dance specialty entitled 'Tricks,' and Edith Lyle, serio-comic vocalist, were the additions to the company at the Comique on May 6. Miss Kittie Forrest, one of the ladies of the ballet, made her first attempt as a serio-comic singer, and proved to be a good dresser and a pleasing vocalist. The Summer season begins May 13 with the following company: Hassim Sisters, John Manning, Bob Butler, J. O. Hall, Lona Hasson, Georgie McGinn, Bobby Newcomb, Ferguson and Mack, Irwin Sisters, Lester and Williams, Otto Burbank, and Edith Lyle. Harry Noxon is manager, and Dick Parker runs the stage. Tito Cellini and the Comique Ballet Troupe go to Indianapolis, Ind. .....The new faces at the Tivoli were Lou and Lula Catlett, clog-dancers; Daisy Remington, serio-comic vocalist; and Virginia Randell, balladist. Nellie Zoe is to appear May 13....No changes at the Winter Garden."

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a good business during the expired week. There were no additions made to the company. Manager J. P. Rogers was the recipient of a complimentary benefit in the afternoon and evening of May 9. Among the volunteers were E. M. Castine, Arthur Johnson, the Landis brothers, Harvey Budworth of the Baltimore Odeon Company, Rickey and McCarthy, Somers and Christie, and Barney McNulty. Mr. Rogers realized handsomely. The departures May 12 were Bob and Alice Daly, to New York; Helen Revere, to Richmond; the Lynn Sisters, J. J. Dowling, W. T. Stevens and Miss May Treah to the National, Philadelphia; the Fieldings, to Pittsburg; Miss Rosa Lee, to the Holliday, Baltimore; and Sam E. Ryan, no engagement. The announcements for 14 are H. M. Parker and trained dogs, Edward and Alice Murray, W. A. Hunter, Louise De Louise, the Carlyles, McVicker and Saunders, and Maggie Bowers.....The new appearances at the Avenue Theatre were Little Lottie, Sallie Hamilton, and Sadie Murrell. The only departure 12 was Millie La Font, to New York. Some changes have been made in the management of affairs at this house. Joe Enochs and Ed. Hess have retired, and John R. Lane has been deposed as business and stage manager, and Thomas Jefferson appointed to fill the vacancy. The prices of admission have been reduced to 10, 15 and 25 cents. No announcements for the present week. The Summer season will commence May 21 with an entirely new company. Advices of May 12.

TONY PASTOR'S TRAVELING COMBINATION is billed to Providence, R. I., May 14, 15, New Bedford, Mass., 16, Lowell 17, Manchester, N. H., 18, Lawrence, Mass., 19, Salem 21, Lynn 22, Worcester 23, Springfield 24, Albany, N. Y., 25, Troy 26.

PERFORMERS are wanted at the Avenue Theatre, Washington, D. C. Address Thomas Jefferson, business and stage manager.

AS LAST WEEK'S business closes the present season at the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill., under the lesseeship and management of Messrs. Haverly & Denier. The variety bill comprised the Dutch Mendels—Harry and Leon!—Emma Moulton, club-swinger; Hulms and Leo in aerial feats; vocalisms by the Misses Edna Orr, Hilda Thomas and Fannie Beane; and Gilday and Giniven in their sketch of "Waddie Worried by Spirits." The performance closed with a play entitled "Vendetta," with the entire company in the cast. Sunday night Tommy Denier, manager, will be tendered a testimonial benefit. The house will be closed for one week, for the purpose of renovation, and will be reopened 21, under the proprietorship and management of J. H. Haverly, with a two weeks' season of minstrelsy.....At the Coliseum, the new people are the St. Felix Sisters, Scott and Ward and Alfred Roland. .....Another week of Den Thompson's "Joshua Whitcomb" at the Museum continued to draw good houses. In a short olio before the play Hugh Fay appeared in "Ambition," Hodgson and Hawkins as "Teutonic Rivals," Lilian Dayton in vocalisms, and Burt Clark and Fostelle in specialties.....At the Academy of Music the attendance has been good. The Royal Japanese Troupe proved a strong card. Edna Wellington, the Haley Brothers, Gracie Garland, La Petite Estelle, Sheenan and Jones, Curry and Hall, and Emma Moulton were the features.....At the Globe Theatre the card was the pantomime of "Flick and Flock," which will remain on another week. Letter of May 12.

THE ROLLIN HOWARD BURLESQUE COMPANY proved an attractive feature at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., the past week. Charles E. Emmett is to appear this week in "Dashing Charley."

AT THE ADELPHI, Toledo, O., those closing May 12 are Huber and Glidden, to Indianapolis; the Cawthornes, to Pittsburg; and the Barlow Bros., who leave Toledo. To open 14: Geo. Carlyle and Nina, the Hennessy Bros., Johnny Bartley, Kate Montrose, Lillian White, Fannie Duane, and Lou Howard.....At the Theatre Comique there were no departures. Billed for 14 are E. T. Goodrich, Prof. James Laurence, Living Statue Troupe, and the Stuart Sisters.

THE ADELPHI COMPANY of Hartford, Ct., open at the Theatre Comique, New Haven, for one week, commencing May 14.

AT TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., Ben Hayes has succeeded Harry S. Jefferson as stage-manager. Ida Melville left May 12. Laura Elmer opens 14.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, O., was opened May 7 as a family theatre under the management of Mr. Montpellier. A large audience was in attendance, and the houses have continued good. The following were the additions the past week: J. Z. Little in his drama of "Roving Jack;" Flora Moore, male impersonator; James Woodville, song-and-dance; J. D. Kelly, musical act; Hennessy Bros., song-and-dance; Ione Lang, serio-comic; Billy Devere and Ella Arnold, Lizzie Parker and Conners and Kelly. Departures 12: Hennessy Bros., to Toledo. Arrivals 14: Hi Chapman, Louise Lyle, Lester and Williams, Edith McLain and Harry Woodson.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

MANAGER CHAS. H. DUPREZ of Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels returns thanks to Cincinnati press and public for the support afforded his company during the present season, which is to terminate June 2, after being successfully continued for forty-five weeks. He commences a Summer tour June 4, and desires to secure a number of good people for his new season. For particulars see his card elsewhere. The company performed in Lancaster, O., May 9, Zanesville 10, Newark 11, Coshocton 12, and are billed for Columbus 14, Dayton 15, Troy 16, Piqua 17, Hamilton 18, Richmond, Ind., 19.

MAJ. RENTZ'S MINSTRELS are to show in Lockport, N. Y., May 14, St. Catherines, Ont., 15, Hamilton 16, Toronto 17, 18, Port Hope 19, Peterboro 21, Belleville 22, Kingston 23, Brockville 24, Ottawa 25, 26.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS concluded a successful week at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, O., May 12. Our correspondent says of them: "The troupe is mainly the same as when here earlier in the present season, the changes being the addition of Master Barney and Matt. Wheeler, and the retirement of Mitt. G. Barlow. They give an excellent programme, which drew very fair houses. They go hence to Louisville 14, 15, Lexington 16, Dayton, O., 17, and will continue to play in this vicinage until June 4, when they open at the Grand Opera-house, strongly reinforced."

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS appeared at the Opera-house, Wheeling, W. Va., May 9, to a full house. The programme was fresh, and a number of new acts with distinct changes were introduced. Geo. W. Harley, J. J. Kelly and Chas. Storms in their vocal selections were well received. Geo. Thatcher and Welch and Rice are also attractive features. The performance closed with a new sketch, entitled "Our Boarding-house." They showed in Pittsburg, Pa., 10, 11, 12, and are billed for Parker's City 14, Bradford 15, St. Petersburg 16, Oil City 17, Titusville 18, Jamestown, N. Y., 19, Hughey Dougherty and Wm. H. Rice joined the company at Pittsburg 10.

MURPHY AND MORTON in their songs-and-dances were added to Sweatnam & Fraser's Minstrels, Philadelphia, on May 7. The season closes May 19, the troupe then going on a short tour.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS showed in Mount Vernon, O., May 12, and are billed in Columbus 14, Dayton 15, Hamilton 16, Richmond, Ind., 17, Connersville 18, Indianapolis 19.

CAL WAGNER is now arranging his route for the remainder of this and for the season of 1877-8, and he desires hall-managers and others to send to him, as per card, all the particulars in regard to their houses.

P. A. CONNOLLY is agent for Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels, and not Donnelly, as stated in our last issue.

EDWARD LINCOLN of Whitmore & Clark's Minstrels was presented by his wife with a son in North Adams, Mass., May 7.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS showed in St. John, N. B., May 4, 5, Halifax, N. S., 8, 9, 10, thence to Prince Edward's Island.

TIM HAYES.—This well-known clog-dancer, who was born in Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 22, 1841, and came to America in 1860, died at the Asylum for the Poor in the city of Washington, D. C., about six o'clock P. M., May 12, of consumption. He is said to have introduced the clog-dance as a marked feature of minstrel shows in this country. He was associated in his time with many of the minstrel companies of the United States, and performed in that specialty in nearly all the principal towns and cities of the country. Of late his career has been a checkered one. He arrived in Washington from Philadelphia on Wednesday last in a pitiable condition, and was shortly after sent to the hospital connected with the Almshouse. The keeper of the hospital notified the profession of his death, and Manager Rogers of the Theatre Comique and a few friends purchased a handsome casket, and a lot in Mount Olivet Cemetery, where his remains found a final resting place.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS perform in Elgin, Ill., May 17, Ottawa 18, Joliet 19, Fort Wayne, Ind., 28.

GALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are billed in Portland, Me., May 18, 19.

FRANK GRAY, treasurer of the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre, and John Robb, usher, were the recipients of a benefit May 9. A minstrel entertainment was presented, and was the occasion of the appearance of Ward and Byrd; song-and-dance men, who met with success. These two young men intend starting on a professional tour June 1.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS are billed to perform at Newark, N. J., May 15, New Haven, Ct., 16, 17.

SCHOOLCRAFT & COES' MINSTRELS open in Albany, N. Y., May 14, for three nights and Wednesday matinee.

STUMP SPEECH, wigs, song-and-dance suits, etc., can be procured at N. K. Leavitt's advertised address.

CIRCUSES.

MONTGOMERY QUEEN'S California Circus and Menagerie is thus written about by an occasional correspondent, who dates his letter Modisto, Cal., May 4: "April 21 they concluded a brilliant season of three weeks in San Francisco with a testimonial benefit tendered Mr. Queen by the Mayor and other leading citizens. On the 23d the show started upon its country tour, taking in Redwood, Gilroy, Hollister, Watsonville, Salinas, Santa Cruz, San Jose, San Leandro, opening May 3 in Oakland for two days. It is particularly gratifying (considering the extremely hard times) to announce a very fine business from the outset up to date. At Oakland the tents were crowded at both exhibitions yesterday, while the attendance this afternoon was equally large. Mr. Queen has fortunately secured a strong combination, and, as his reputation stands high in this State, his business may continue good, notwithstanding the terrible tumble in stocks, serious drouth, etc. In short, California is now seeing the hardest times she has ever witnessed, and business is nearly at a standstill. The Queen Show this season is almost a new organization, but very few of last season's company being retained, while large additions have been made to the zoological department. The agile little Mlle. Tournour has made a hit in her swinging-trapeze act. Signor Sebastian is doing an excellent principal riding-act, while his carrying-act on two bareback horses and his four-horse act are fine. Prof. Cook's somersault, equestrianism and leaping are clever. Miss Ellen Cooke executes a dashing principal act, and Joe Kennebel has lost none of his popularity as a funny clown. James Cooke fills quite satisfactorily the dual role of equestrian director and clown. Chas. and Lottie Lamont are good in their double trapeze act. Sam Rinehart, Herr Drayton, Jas. Gallagher, W. A. Stephens, Ed. Smith, and Leo Levere in their respective features assist greatly in filling out an enjoyable performance. The show exhibits at Livermore May 5, Los Angeles 7, 8, 9, Anaheim 10, Bernardino 11, Downey City 12, Bakersfield 14, Merced 15, Modisto 16, Tulare 17, thence to Sacramento, Stockton, etc."

JOHNNY SAUNDERS joined Thayer & Noyes' United States Circus in Philadelphia, last week.

PERFORMERS in all branches of the business are wanted for W. L. Collins' Oriental Combination Circus. Manager Collins mentions in his card that he would particularly like to hear from the Royal Yeddo Japanese Troupe.

GYMNASTS, LEAPERS AND TUMBLERS and three performers for brother-act are advertised for by sells Bros.

OUR ST. LOUIS correspondent says: "When I said that the Roman Hippodrome had no paper on the walls, I spoke in the local dailies, I stated facts, and Mr. Dan Rhodeh' statement to the contrary cannot alter the case. The Hippodrome folks opened on the paper of another circus, whose bills have been displayed for seven weeks. The only thing they did in the way of advertising was to hang up a few colored lithographs, without name or date. Every newspaper was ignored, as if it never existed."

DR. JAMES L. THAYER'S United States Circus, including Martinho and Abelardo Lowande, Mlle. Carlotta Wambold, the Miaco Family, George Richards, St. Elmo and his performing dogs, Emile Garoux and the Suydam Brothers, exhibited in Philadelphia during the week ending May 12, making four different stands, and meeting with a fair share of patronage. They give a very interesting exhibition, which elicits hearty applause.

MRS. R. SHIELDS, who is believed to be with Wilson's Circus in Australia, is requested to communicate at once with A. L. Frankenthal, 17 Temple place, Boston, Mass. A death has recently occurred in her family.

WILLIAM SHEPHERD, an attache of John Robinson's Circus, while under the influence of stimulants in Chillicothe, O., May 7, became involved in a row, and the following morning was sent to an infirmary with his jaw broken and several of his teeth in his stomach.

THE CARLYLE BROS. are desirous of arranging time with a circus company to appear in their trapeze, iron jaw and flying acts. See card.

THE GREAT NEW YORK SHOW, consisting of a gymnastic and character melange and educated horses, exhibited in Franklin, Pa., May 11, Oil City 12, and is billed in Titusville 14, Pleasantville 15, Tidioute 16, Warren 17, Brewsburg, N. Y., 18, Randolph 19, Salamanca 21, Limestone, Pa., 22, Tarport 23, Bradford 24, Olean, N. Y., 25. D. M. Clapp is the agent.

THE STEINAU JEWELRY COMPANY will send their illustrated price-list and a sample of goods for one dollar. See advertisement.

JOHN O'BRIEN'S SIX SHOWS CONSOLIDATED will exhibit in New Brunswick, N. J., May 15, Elizabeth 16, Orange 17, Passaic 18, Hackensack 19, Mott Haven, N. Y., 21, New Rochelle 22, Stamford, Ct., 23, Norwalk 24, Bridgeport 25, New Haven 26, West Meriden 28, Hartford 30. During the season the show will also appear in the large towns and cities of Malden, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. An advertisement in another department states that, in addition to the artistic performances of the arena, they exhibit fifty three cages of animals and a large aviary. Three full military bands will be with the company.

HOWES' LONDON CIRCUS showed in New Haven, Ct., May 8, Hartford 9, Springfield, Mass., 10, Holyoke 11, North Hampton 12, and is billed in Meriden, Ct., 14, New Britain 15, Waterbury 16, Willimantic 17.

THE MESSENGER, cannon-ball performer and principal trick-leaper, desires an engagement for the tenting season See card.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S CIRCUS is to exhibit in Williamsburg, L. I., May 14, 15, Brooklyn 16, 17.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HARRY C. RIELY, agent and programmer, desires a position. See card.

PITTSBURG (PA.) OPERA-HOUSE can be secured on sharing terms or rental by applying to J. N. Gotthold, as per card.

MRS. MORRISON'S Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Canada, can be secured for dates during the Summer. See John Nickinson's card.

AN EXHIBITION OF WAXWORKS is offered for sale. See "Waxworks" card.

MARTIN F. KAUFMANN, billposter, Peoria, Ill., publishes a card from Harry Cordova, recommending him to agents and managers as a reliable man, attentive to his work, and thorough in carrying out his orders.

C. S. SCHLOSSMAN advertises for an engagement as treasurer, business-manager or agent.

A CURIOSITY.—George T. Crump, an old showman, now living in Alvarado, Johnson County, Texas, writes that a Berkshire sow owned by him recently gave birth to a pig having six well-formed legs, two tails and a human hand, all the fingers being well developed and the finger-nails strikingly natural. The pig lived but a few hours, and has since been preserved in alcohol. At least ten thousand people have visited Mr. Crump's residence to view this freak of nature.

CHARLEY VOLLMER, the well-known refreshment caterer, in a card elsewhere informs his professional friends that he is located at 78 Ninth street, east of Broadway, this city, where he will at all times be prepared to supply the wants of those who wish to eat, drink or smoke the pipe of peace.

PROF. HARRINGTON, ventriloquist and magician, and Dixon E. Watson, facial humorist and banjo-guitarist, are reported as doing a fair business. They close their season May 20.

PEDANTO, acrobatic and aerial gymnast, is prepared to arrange for fairs, festivals, etc. See card.

SIMPSON'S THEATRE AND MUSEUM, Philadelphia, Pa., with a collection of curiosities, can be rented through P. Doyle, who advertises that the house has been entirely renovated, and can be secured as a moderate rate.

PEABODY HOME, Philadelphia, Pa., which has been recently refurnished, offers special rates to professional guests. See card.

C. W. HOOD, business-manager or advance-agent, can be addressed care of this office for engagements.

W. DAZIAN, importer and manufacturer of theatrical, boating and equestrian goods, advertises a superior quality of French cotton tights at low figure.

S. C. ALBRIGHT & CO., billposters and general advertising agents, Pittsburg, Pa., insert their card in another column.

H. A. THOMAS' lithographic establishment, of which J. E. Jackson is business-manager, is advertised in another column.

HARR. DARE, gymnast and high-rope walker, is to give street exhibitions in Williamsport, Pa., May 14, Milton 15, Dansville 16, Sunbury 17, Millersburg 18, Tremont 19, Lebanon 21.

MRS. AD. BORST'S boarding-house for professionals is advertised elsewhere.

A MAN with one or two educated dogs is wanted for a dramatic sensation. See Jas. McGilbert's card.

THREE MEN who can advance $300 each can secure engagements by addressing "Circus" as per advertisement.

CHAS. MONTAGUE advertises that he has just published a book entitled "How to Become an Expert Acrobat."

A PARTNER with from $1,000 to $3,000 is wanted to take an interest in a theatrical company. See "Manager's" card.

MAGIC.—The glass-blowing exhibition and a company consisting of Major Green, little man; Prof. Singleton's Marionettes, an educated pig, snake, etc., opened in Grand Rapids, Mich., May 9, and are doing a good business.

HAMILTON & PULLMAN'S SHOW will exhibit in Hamburg, N. J., May 18, Warwick, N. Y., 19.

SIGNOR BOSCO, wizard, will appear in Fayetteville, N. Y., May 15, 16, 17, Manlius 18, 19, 21.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER lectured on "Hard Times" at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, May 7, before a fair audience.

"PARIS BY NIGHT" was exhibited for the last time at the Coliseum, Philadelphia, May 12, Prof. Logrenia then closing his magical entertainment.

THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION on the Centennial Grounds, Philadelphia, was formally opened to the public on the 10th of May, President Hayes and Gen. Grant being present, and the imposing ceremonies attracted over 100,000 visitors on that occasion. The attendance on Friday was small, and on Saturday it numbered 18,000.

AT THE BELMONT HOTEL, Springfield, Mass., professionals are boarded at special rates. See card.

THE MIDGETS General Mite and Lucia Zarate closed a three weeks' stay at Albany, N. Y., May 12. Business was good throughout. They open in Troy 14, for one week.

"BAIN'S PANORAMA of "The Pilgrim's Progress" is to be exhibited in Birmingham, Pa., this week, and East Liberty the following week.

PROF. HARTZ gave performances in the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house May 7, 8, 9, to good business.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND MILITARY COATS are offered for sale by E. A. Heath, at advertised prices.

R. TAGGART'S Westside storage warehouses offer accommodations for the storage of furniture, baggage, theatrical properties, etc., in separate rooms. See explanatory card in our business department.

A TREASURER is wanted by M. L. P., who advertises.

OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC COMBINATIONS can secure dates at the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Can., by applying to Jas. French, as per advertisement.

AMATEUR.

AN AMATEUR CLUB was organized in Evansville, Ind., April 26, under the title of the Crescent City Booth Dramatic Club. Mr. Richardson is the business-manager; Mr. Bolen, stage-manager; Mr. Munsen, acting-manager; Mr. Porter, stage-carpenter; Mr. Culp, secretary, and Mr. Brady, treasurer.

THE BROTHERS OF TRUTH Dramatic Association produced "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" in Bedford Hall, Brooklyn, L. I., May 11.

THE CINCINNATI SHAKESPEARE CLUB closed its seventeenth season May 8 with a performance of "School," which was nicely given.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

MISS REBECCA ISAACS (Mrs. Thos. Roberts), actress and vocalist, died in London, Eng., April 21, after a long illness. In 1852, at the age of four years, she made her first appearance on the stage, from which she retired about five years ago.

BRITTAIN WRIGHT, the well-known English comedian, died at Margate April 25, aged forty years. His right name was William Britton Wright, and he made his debut at the Surrey Theatre, London, Oct. 1, 1855.

MRS. GEORGE WARDE (Miss Priscilla Lemmon), actress, died rather suddenly at Exeter, Eng., April 18.

HENRY FORTUNE, for years connected with the "Castle" company, died in England April 24, aged 55.

MRS. MARY ANN BISSON, aged 64, a member of Miss Jennie Lee's company, died at Birmingham, Eng., April 19, from injuries resulting from a fall in the street at Manchester.

MUSICAL.

A CABLEGRAM to *The Herald* states that the Wagner concerts at Albert Hall, London, Eng., are meeting with only moderate success. Herr Richter conducts, and the singers include Mme. Materna, Herr Kogner, Herr Hill, Mme. Sadler Grun and Herr Chanden.

PETRELLA the composer, who died again an ace of starvation, is now to be accorded a statue, executed by the sculptor Valle, and a monument in the cemetery of Palermo.

MORELLI, the celebrated clarionet-player, died recently in Milan, at the age of 80. He had been 56 years at the Conservatoire, and had seen most of the operas of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti produced in Milan.

MLLE. ALBANI has made her reappearance at Covent-garden, London, Eng.

JOSEPH PLATZER, a well-known comic-opera composer, died lately in Munich, aged 36.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, London, Eng., has been reopened with "Norma" and Mlle. Titiens.

VARIETY HALLS.

MARRIED.—At Liverpool, Eng., on April 23, E. J. Alhutt, comedian and grotesque, to Miss Emily Schofield of the Sisters Schofield.

Australian Jottings.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., April 5, 1877.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—Since my last the only excitement professionally has been the success of Dampier. This young and talented actor has stirred up the people of Sydney, and, like that, after politics, he is the principal topic of conversation. During the past four weeks he has produced successfully "All for Gold, or Fifty Millions of Money," his own adaptation of "The Wandering Jew," "The Duke's Motto," and his own dramatization of "Faust," interspersed every Friday night with "Hamlet," which always draws a crowded house, and arouses much controversy. I have seen all the great Hamlets of the past thirty years, but never have had the pleasure of witnessing a more fresh, vigorous or original conception of the role than that given by Mr. Dampier at the Royal "Money and Misery," called an American sensation drama, has held the boards of late, but to very poor business.....Sylvester will be Fakir of Ouloo, played a disastrous season at the School of Arts. He has advertised one of his greatest attractions, "The Prismatic Fountain," for sale.....Jim Mace is down here for about a month ago, opened at the School of Arts with Sylvester for four nights, but he failed to redeem the fallen fortunes of this house.....Levy the cornet-soloist, though acknowledged to be a great performer, has failed to draw money here. Levy has gone to Melbourne, where, after a week's disappointments and postponements, he opened on March 31, but with what success I have not heard.....John Wilson, with his circus and fine stud of trained horses, opened here on Easter Monday; and, though he has played here thirteen weeks, his present season bids fair to be a success. Omar Kingsley is still with this show.....Sherry Corbyn, after lots of hardships and troubles, is on his legs again. He started for Melbourne about four weeks ago, and so far has met with success, his attraction being a company of real niggers called the Georgia Minstrels..... Stanley Ward, said to be the best actress that has been in the colonies for many years, is playing a farewell engagement at the Royal, Melbourne, prior to her departure for America.....Kitty Sothern has been playing Dundreary at the Opera-house, Melbourne, but he has not proved a "chip of the old block." "Around the World in Eighty Days" was produced April 2.....The U. S. Minstrels, a small company of clever performers, are playing to fair houses at the Apollo Hall, Melbourne.....Lo Lo and the De Glorions are at a variety theatre in Melbourne; also, Corbyn's Fortuny Bambinis are billed for Melbourne, to open in May. They are now in Sandhurst, doing well.

Yours truly, THE PROMPTER.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
POOLE & DONNELLY..... Sole Lessees and Managers
Last week of the present engagement with the distinguished artist and favorite
MISS DAVENPORT,
who will appear every evening during the week, and at the MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, with MR. CHAS. F. COGHLAN, MR. JOHN BROUGHAM, MR. JAMES LEWIS, in Augustin Daly's great drama of
THE TWO PRINCESS ROAD.
Messrs. Poole & Donnelly regret that they will not be able to present this great spectacle beyond the current week, and, in view of the great rush for seats for the last eight performances, would recommend an early application at the box-office.
THE POPULAR PRICES.
Reserved seats secured two weeks in advance. Orchestra Circle, 50 cents; Orchestra Stalls, 75 cents; Parlor Chairs, $1; Dress Circle, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Private Boxes, $10, $8 and $6. 8-11t

THEATRE COMIQUE,
514 BROADWAY.
HARRIGAN & HART..... Proprietors
M. W. HANLEY..... Manager
LAST WEEK OF THE PRESENT SEASON.
Farewell performances of HARRIGAN AND HART.
MALONY FAMILY and WALKING FOR THE CAKE.
GEO. S. KNIGHT GEO. S. KNIGHT.
AS
THE AMERICAN MIMICS.
KELLY AND RYAN.
THE SISTERS OF ERIN.
CHARLES S. ROGERS AND MATTIE VICKERS
in their specialty sketch "Strange Struck."
MASTER MARTIN'S "THE JIM JAMS."
HARRINGTON AND MAGLONE.
ALICE BENNETT. BILLY GRAY.
THE MALONY FAMILY.
HARRIGAN AND HART
8-12t IN THEIR ORIGINAL CHARACTERS.

TONY PASTOR'S. TONY PASTOR'S.
Second Week and Great Success of
BILLY BARRY
AND HIS ENTIRE COMPANY.
SCANLON AND CRONIN, KITTIE O'NEIL,
BANKER AND MILLER, QUILTER AND GOLDRICH,
REYNOLDS AND WALLING,
CONWAY AND KERRIGAN,
MARIE WHITTINGHAM AND MAST. NEWMAN,
EDWIN FRENCH AND R. E. DING,
The Great and Only ALMONTE BROTHERS.
Mlle. ELIESE AND BALLET TROUPE,
and 50 STAR ARTISTS in refined, thrilling, lengthy and laughable programme.
MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
WEDNESDAY EVENING—Benefit of
MISS KITTIE O'NEIL.
SATURDAY EVENING—Benefit of
BILLY BARRY. 8-1t

PARK THEATRE,
Broadway and 22d street.
HENRY E. ABBEY..... Lessee and Manager
THIRD WEEK,
MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND.....as.....COL. SELLERS
MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND.....as.....COL. SELLERS
MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND.....as.....COL. SELLERS
MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND.....as.....COL. SELLERS
MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND.....as.....COL. SELLERS
MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND.....as.....COL. SELLERS
His creation in Mark Twain's American Comedy, which
HE HAS PLAYED NEARLY 1,000 TIMES,
establishing it as the
AMERICAN CLASSIC AND COMIC INSTITUTION.
MISS MARIE GORDON as LAURA HAWKINS,
and Messrs. Coulduck, Whiting, Evans, Hagar, Burnett, Eefferts, Fox, Collington, Laugley, Miss Bleakeley, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Peters.
EVENING AT 8. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
Prices—50 cents, $1, and $1.50. No free list. 8-1t

DALY'S 5th-AVENUE THEATRE.
MONDAY, MAY 14,
and every evening of the week,
MISS NEILSON,
for the first time in New York City, as
IMOGEN
in
SHAKESPEARE'S CYMBELINE.
In preparation the remarkable Parisian sensation
VESTA. 8-1t

SIXTEENTH-STREET THEATRE.
Manager.....MR. A. H. SHELDON
Business-manager.....MR. HARRY A. LEE
The home of burlesque and comedy. Opens TUESDAY EVENING, May 15, in the comedy of
SARAH'S YOUNG MAN.
A first-class olio of first-class artists. The great burlesque of The Forty Thieves. No vulgarity. No cancan. No offensive business. Good specialty and burlesque artists wanted immediately. 8-1t*

BOWERY THEATRE.
MR. J. W. HEATH..... Manager
MONDAY, MAY 14, FOR ONE WEEK,
MR. HERNANDEZ FOSTER
in his great sensational drama of
JACK CARKEWAY IN AMERICA.
Preceded by the farce of
A KISS IN THE DARK.
OPEN DATES TO SUCH AS WITH GOOD ATTRACTIONS, to whom certainties will be paid. 8-1t*

COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE.
corner West 12th street and Greenwich av., New York City, remodeled and enlarged at an expense of $11,000. A NEW AND SPACIOUS FRONT ENTRANCE has been added, making this the safest and most beautiful little place of amusement in the city. Admission: 50c., 75c., and $1; private boxes, $5 and $10. Burlesque and Sensational Stars, Whiteface Specialties, Combinations and Troupes, First-class Novelties and Ballet attractions, Premieres and Ballet-ladies, address J. BERRY, Manager, as above. 7-1t

HELLER'S.
WONDER THEATRE.
LAST NIGHTS OF THE SEASON.
LAST WEEK OF THE
MARVELOUS FIFTH PROGRAMME OF
HELLER'S WONDERS.
LAST NIGHTS OF HELLER IN NEW YORK.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2. 8-1t

EGYPTIAN HALL,
Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue. The greatest success of the season. Houses crowded to the doors. The greatest variety company in America. We are playing the best people in the country. Good variety talent always wanted. Address all communications to
1-tf J. CHAS. DAVIS, Manager.

HARRY MINER'S
LONDON,
235 and 237 BOWERY,
Opposite Prince street,
OPEN ALL YEAR ROUND.
Artists wishing dates will please address the undersigned.
HARRY MINER,
1-tf Proprietor and Manager.

NOTICE.
My address is changed to
No. 140½ WEST 13TH STREET.
8-1t* H. E. STEVENS.

MRS. MORRISON'S
GRAND
OPERA-HOUSE,
TORONTO,
CANADA,
TO RENT
TO FIRST-CLASS COMBINATIONS
DURING THE
SUMMER MONTHS.
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ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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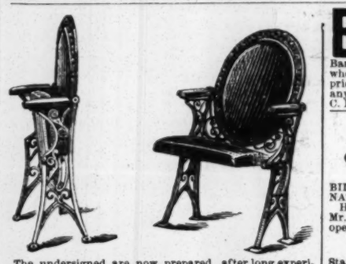
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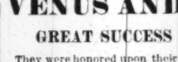
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